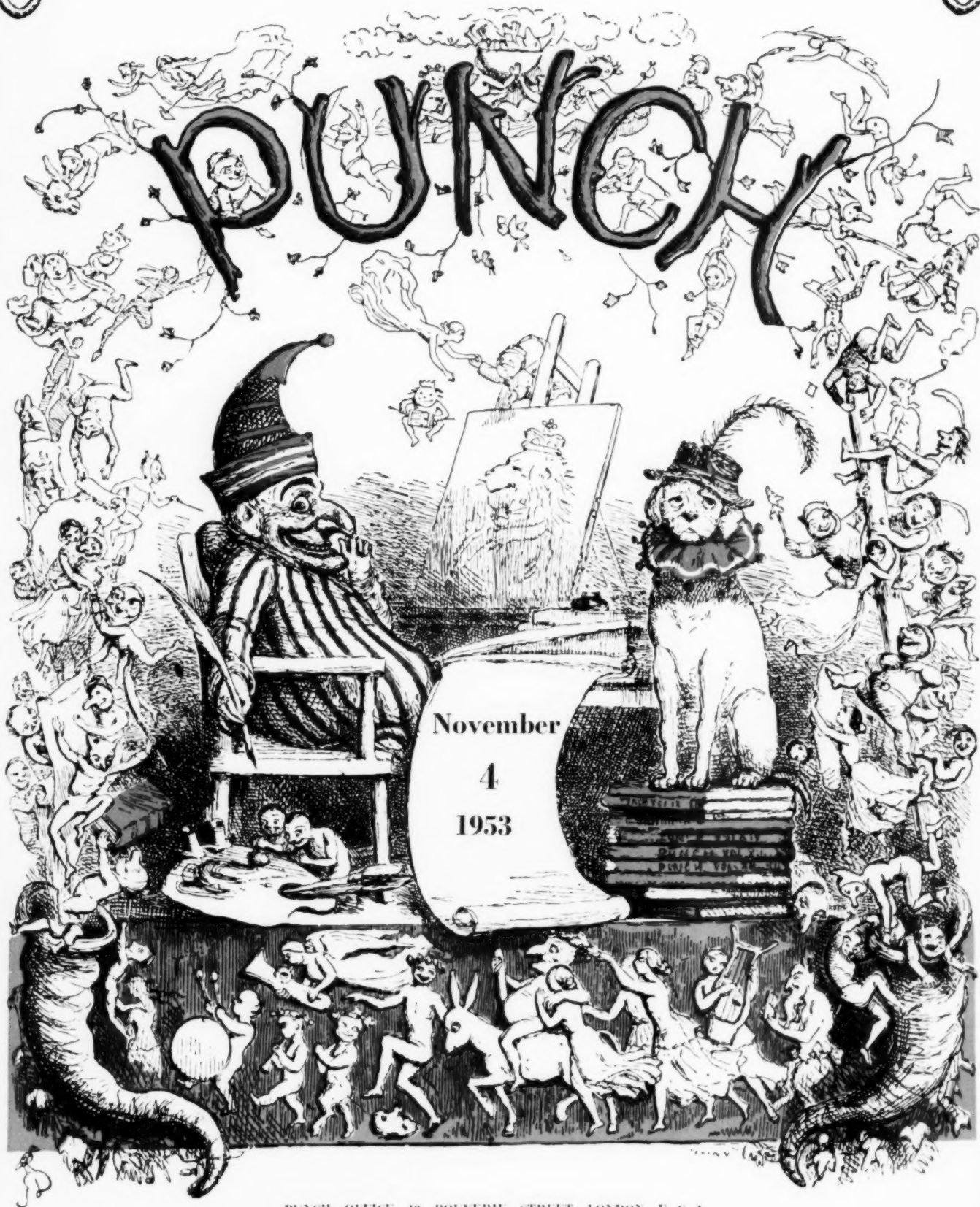


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—November 4 1953

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Every day more people—particularly those with sensitive palates—are finding that the du Maurier filter tip adds to their smoking pleasure by allowing nothing to spoil the true flavour of the tobacco. But put it to

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THE FILTER TIP CIGARETTE

CORK TIP IN THE RED BOX • PLAIN TIP (MEDIUM) IN THE BLUE BOX



detachable*

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Do see Driway's latest weathercoats. **They're good.** All-wool top quality range has the latest detachable linings. So have the popular standard coats. Belted or unbelted. Inset sleeves. **West of England 'zippers', too.**

** Extra welcome warmth at will ... comfortable lining easily detached ... packs neatly.*

DRIWAY
WEATHERCOATS

... perhaps the finest made



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Cooks will fix you up. They've got some splendid holidays arranged at the Winter Sports resorts ... and the moderate prices will surprise you. Expert? Not too sure of your ski legs? All the answers are in their Winter Sports programme. Ask for it today.



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How about a Riviera holiday, by air at specially reduced rates? Or a cruise to Madeira? Or perhaps a week or two in North Africa? These and many another way of basking in the sun await you in Cooks Winter Sunshine programme. Write off for a copy today.

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When the meal's an occasion ...



**Make
friends
with
Martell**
CORDON BLEU

A fine liqueur brandy

SAY

"Noilly Prat"
and your 'French'
will be perfect . . .



*Here's the perfect
way to serve it*

- ☆ Gin and French. ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat.
- ☆ Very dry Martini Cocktail. ½ Gin, ½ Noilly Prat. Add ice and shake.
- ☆ Short Noilly Prat. Neat with a zest of lemon peel squeezed into the vermouth then dropped into it.
- ☆ Long Noilly Prat. Pour two fingers of Noilly Prat into a tumbler, add ice, top with soda.

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— by insisting on Gin and Noilly Prat you ensure getting Gin and 'French'

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comfort and
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CREAM CRACKERS

MADE BY MEREDITH & DREW LTD, LONDON

CVS-88

AGANY COLUMN

HOT BATHS. Hitherto frustrated, now exuberant immersionist has found method of running really hot bath with cold tap on all the time. Details please write.

PORRIDGE-FANCYING SASSENACH used to getting own breakfast but disinclined for early rising (wife stays in bed for hours), has domestic appliance reconciling situation. Effortless porridge, made while you sleep. Details please write.

CHICKS SAVED from freezing when three days old. Pheasants' eggs hatched out safely. Cooker which did all this also pampered pedigree piglet with pneumonia. Details please write.

MAN, domesticated, country-loving, 36, —habitual good trencherman and even gourmet in spite of unpredictable meal-times, wishes to recommend remarkably undemanding and complaisant household appliance which is secret of his meals always being in perfect condition, however late he comes in. Details please write.

BANKER IN HEAVEN when customers who 'cannot afford' to save money by putting in modern household equipment, finally take the plunge and find that famous household appliance which does all the cooking and water-heating and costs 1/- a day to run, 1/6 a day to buy, is a great luxury that not only appears to save money but really does so. Details please write.

LADY HOUSEHUNTER, impetuous, apt to be quixotic, having bought notable heat-storage cooker and house attached thereto, now finds that house has two bedrooms, too few and is prepared to sell it at a loss, but stubbornly refuses to be parted from divine heat-storage cooker. Details please write.

GRANDFATHER (retired), discovering that source of his fascination for adored young grandson is that he can take his teeth out to brush them, and who also (since they are very new 'teeth') finds it easier to eat without them, has chanced upon acceptable excuse for staying with grandson and mumbling food there on basis that grandson's mother has cooker which makes meat tenderer than any other. Other grandfathers in similar predicament invited share secret. Details please write.

CAPABLE CHAR, used to telephone, trustworthy, strong, found no difficulty in Hire-Purchasing famous heat-storage cooker-and-water-heater, enthusiastically recommended it to three ladies for whom she 'did', with result that she now 'does' for four ladies because new cooker saved so much work to original three! Details please write.

CLERGYMAN, with regularly Churchgoing wife, no children of housekeeping age, no servant, for years accustomed to unwelcome cold meats for Sunday luncheon, now instead feasts royally on hot roast joint and full appointments, puddings, etc. Heartening change due solely to heat-storage cooker which carries on imperturbably in wife's absence. Considers this appliance would not only comfort brother-Clergy in like circumstances, but, in hands of laity, should markedly improve Church attendance. Details please write.

These engaging *personalia* are based on the actual experience of Aga-owners. No doubt there are many more Aga-owners who have equally fascinating stories to tell. If so — "Details please write." Aga Heat will be delighted to hear from them. To those who do not own Agas, Aga Heat will gladly send details of the appliances which make these *personalia* possible.



Ask any AGA owner!

Regd. Trade Mark

* *Can you really do every kind of cooking that there is?*

Open one of the Aga ovens. Lift up the lid of one of the Aga hotplates. Do this any time of the day or night; and there, straight away, without a second's delay, is exactly the heat you want. That's what thermostat control does. That's why you don't need a griller or boiler or any other 'help-out' once you've an Aga to cook with.

* *Can you do all the cooking and heat all your water, all for (about) 1/- a day?*

However much you use it (even if you cook right through the night), the Aga cannot possibly use more than 3½ tons of fuel in a year. And the fuel is coke — easy to come by, all the year round.

* *Can you boil a 4-pint kettle of cold water in 4 minutes?*

Always. The Aga boiling plate is the fastest you can get. Fast heat is what gives jam its colour, keeps green vegetables green and fried food crisp.

* *Can you make tough meat tender? Can you keep hot meals hot without spoiling? Can you cook ham, stock, porridge, through the night?*

The Aga can — with its simmering oven. This is the best-beloved thing about this best-beloved cooker of all.

* *Can you cook an egg-thickened sauce without 'catching' it, ever?*

As gently as you like. Simmering heat is controlled, always: it cannot 'run away'.

* *Can you bake cakes that are never 'sad', roast meat that is never unevenly done?*

The Aga oven is made of solid cast iron, which throws out really penetrating heat — as the old brick Baker's oven did; and it's steady heat, too.

* *Can you boil fast (really fast)? Can you simmer gently (really gently)?*

The boiling plates and simmering plates are separate, and each is big enough to take three 8-pint saucepans at a time.

* *Can your cooker keep the kitchen warm in winter without making it too hot in summer?*

The Aga is insulated. Just enough heat gets out . . . the kitchen is always 'just right'. What a joy that is on a cold winter morning! (The fire is alight, of course: the Aga never goes out.)

* *Besides all this, the Aga offers you Hire Purchase over 5 years, and a cast-iron guarantee for ten. H.P. can cost as little as £2 a month. The Aga is not 'for Princes and rich men only' — no, indeed. It is for people who want to SAVE money.*

Nothing but an AGA does all this

Regd. Trade Mark

NOW THEN. The next thing for you to do is to take a pen (or pencil) and paper (or postcard) and write off straight away to find out all the other wonderful things the Aga does. This is the address.



AGA HEAT LTD., 2/8 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1.

(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



Is irritability due to fatigue?

... or just
bad temper?

Have you, too, been getting snappy lately? Do you fly off the handle easily? If so, what has come over your old sunny self? If your irritability is accompanied by a constant feeling of fatigue it is often a sign of a form of starvation you might never suspect.

VITAMIN-STARVATION ON THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY! Irritability, depression and undue fatigue are often due to an unsuspected vitamin-shortage. This can even happen to people who enjoy their three square meals a day. For the essential vitamins may be lacking from their diet or may not be present in the only form in which a tired system can extract and use them. If so, heed Nature's warning. Angiers 'Supavite' will supply your system with the essential vitamins it simply hasn't been getting.

Re-vitaminize your diet — for 4d. a day with

SUPAVITE

TWO CAPSULES DAILY PROVIDE THE SIX ESSENTIAL VITAMINS in the form in which the body can use them.

ANGIER CHEMICAL CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.1. Laboratories: SOUTH RUSSLIP.

Is it VITAMIN- SHORTAGE in your case?

It only costs 4d. a day to find out. If, like so many of us, you too are a victim of unsuspected vitamin-starvation, a course of Angiers 'Supavite' will supply all you lack in the form in which your system can absorb and use it. But do not expect 'Supavite' results unless it is Angiers 'Supavite' you take.

5/- per box (15 days' supply).
Family Pack (60 days' supply)
16/3d. From all Chemists.



TWO WAY WARMTH keeps out winter!



Bitterly cold weather has no terrors where there is a Cozy Stove! 'Two-way Warmth' has solved the problem of rooms that never got really heated all through the winter. Burning the smallest quantity of even the cheapest solid fuel the Cozy Stove gives out both radiant heat and convected warmth to the farthest corners of the room. With one fuelling the stove will burn continuously up to 20 hours, without any attention. And with the firedoors open a cheerful, blazing fire is always there to greet you.

See the Cozy 'Two-way Warmth' Stove in a range of easily cleaned enamel finishes at your nearest builders' merchants or hardware shop.



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CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

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Motor Mower
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Have your
ATCO
MOTOR MOWER
serviced now

Though you may not have finished mowing, it would be prudent to arrange for your Atco to be serviced NOW at a time when your Atco Service Branch is less busy than it will be if you delay it until the Spring. So, please contact your Atco Service Branch now. Your Atco Supplier, if you wish it, can put you in touch.

*There's no Service
like ATCO SERVICE*

CHARLES H. PUGH
LTD. ATCO WORKS
BIRMINGHAM, 9



DRY FLY SHERRY—the best appetizer—makes a most acceptable Christmas gift and provides a gracious welcome to your guests. Order early from your Wine Merchant to avoid disappointment.

20 - bottle - 10 6 half-bottle

Cavalry twill

... leisure-wise

Cavalry twill belongs today wherever there are brambles, rambles, fairways and five-barred gates. Tough, wind-resisting and proofed, it appears at all the best places not only as riding wear, but as these handsome and very English leisure clothes for outdoor-minded men and women.



For men: handsome belted 'Breech,' the very latest thing in sports trousers, with five pockets, leather-bound turn-ups, and a clever new buckle, for approximately 5½ guineas; all-purpose hacking jackets, tough but well-mannered, magnificently tailored and ready to wear, for about 10 guineas.

For women: (in lighter weight cavalry twill): sleek lined belted 'Breech,' ideal for golf, gardening or just getting around, their flat-set pockets and considerate hip design minimise a woman's silhouette, for only 5 guineas or so; authentic hacking jackets of equal versatility, superbly cut and tailored and ready to wear, for about 8½ guineas.



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for thoroughbred clothes

235-237 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Tel.: REGent 6601 (one block south from Oxford Circus), or from accredited agents throughout the country.

Messrs. Hallzone Limited, 104 Marylebone Lane, W.1 (WELbeck 9962) will be pleased to supply the name and address of your nearest stockist.

A Subtle Difference

The point of difference between people of good taste is frequently a matter of detail... but it's these details which convey distinctive personality.

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Its superb quality and appearance satisfies the most meticulous test — it's economical too.

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The Noteworthy Notepaper



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DO YOU LIKE TO FLOAT

... on a firm mattress like a swan's feather on the surface of a quiet river.

OR SNUGGLE?



... on a soft mattress cosy and warm, cradled in comfort, curled up like a kitten in front of the fire.

A JOHN PERRING Enterprise
The London Bedding Centre
gives you a choice in this Vi-Spring MATTRESS

At last, a spring interior mattress with two degrees of softness. Come and choose your own type of comfort.

Single size: 3ft.	Double size: 4ft. 6in.
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Any size up to 7ft. square

SAME PRICE
SAME QUALITY

Mattress
Dicen Set

13 Brompton Road, **KNIGHTSBRIDGE** S.W.3 Phone: KNI 1777

Worried watchmaker now as "regular" as clockwork

SIDNEY was once the cheeriest tick-tock man in the business. Lately he's worn the sort of face that stops clocks.

"Hello," I said. "Got plenty of time on your hands?"

"Nope," moped Sidney.

"I've been on strike since this datted constipation started. Much more of it, and I coil up and die."

"That's just it," I said, "your coil upped and died."

"Huh?" humphed Sidney.

"Like I said," I said. "You've got a 30-foot coil of piping inside you, behind your watchchain, which all your food has to go through. But the muscles which help it along can't get a grip on the soft, starchy food we eat nowadays, and they give up the struggle."

"What's that to me?" growled Sidney.

"Your escapement is out of order, and your mainspring's gone," I said.

"At this point, constipation sets in, and you feel as useless as a sundial in a fog. What you need," I said, "is—bulk."

"How much?" asked Sidney.

"Just a little All-Bran every morning for breakfast," I said. "Besides

being delicious, All-Bran gives those muscles the bulk they need to keep them working. It'll soon make you 'regular.'"



"And about time," said Sidney.

The next time I saw Sidney, his dial looked positively luminous.

"What happened to you?" I asked.

"Are you in the big-time now?"

"I'll say I am," chimed Sidney.

"I've never looked back since that wonderful All-Bran made me 'regular.'"

"A new regulator," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

Fine Fireplaces

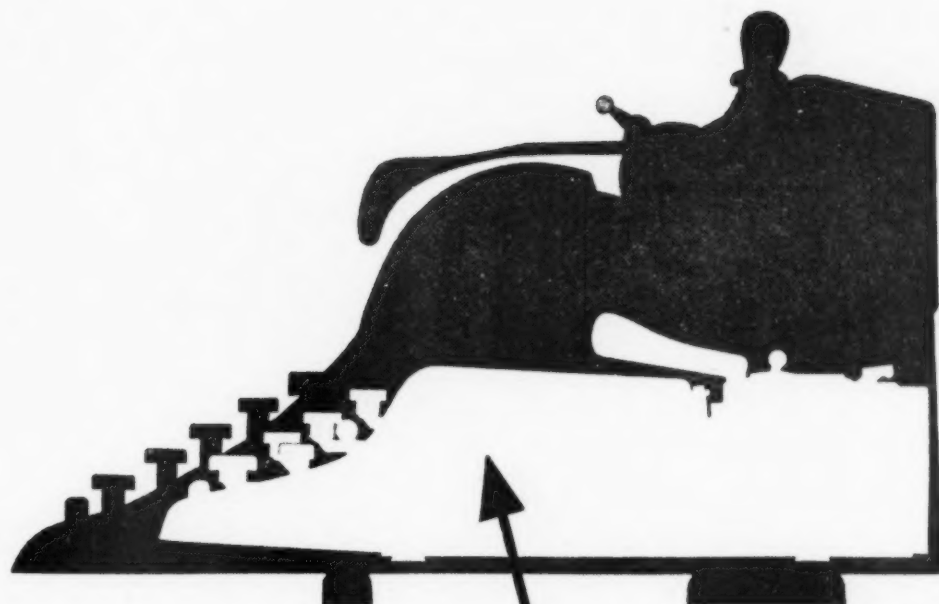


Whether you warm your home by gas or electricity, or prefer the friendly glow of the traditional open fire, there is a Bratt Colbran fireplace specially designed to create a gracious and hospitable setting in your room. Write or telephone for full particulars — better still, visit our showrooms where you will find one of the finest and most comprehensive collections of fireplaces and domestic heating equipment in the country.

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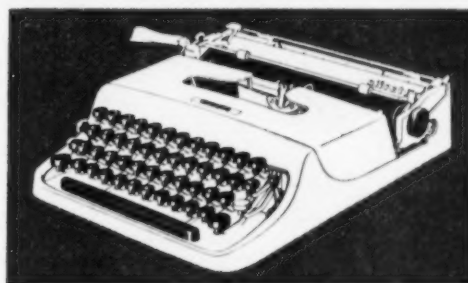


**All the features
of a standard typewriter
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The

Olivetti Lettera 22 is specially designed for personal use. It is compact and light because good design and special materials have made it so. It is a complete typewriter, with nothing left out and no part of the construction skimped. In short, the LETTERA 22 is a first-class piece of precision engineering.

olivetti



Height: 3 1/4 in.
Overall Width: 12 in.
Depth: 12 1/2 in.
Weight: under 8 1/2 lbs.
Price £28.15.0d.

Made in Great Britain by **BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.**

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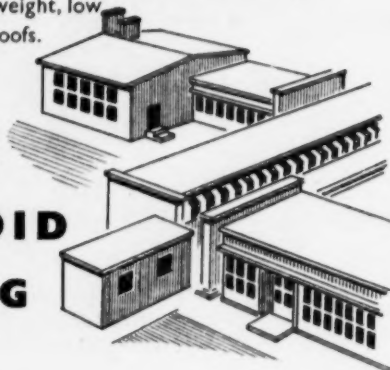
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The Ruberoid System of Roofing provides ready-made specifications which fully comply with the special requirements of modern educational building programmes for lightweight, low cost, permanent roofs.



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RUBEROID ROOFING

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**Villiers...THE POWER
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The reliability of a machine is assured by the reputation of its manufacturer, and the Villiers engine that powers it.

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BARROWS • CULTIVATORS • LAWN MOWERS • MOTOR SCYTHES • CONCRETE MIXERS
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**There's
only
one Gin
that is as
Smooth
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Satin**

FOR nearly 200 years Burnett's 'White Satin' Gin has never changed. Distilled in the same old way, with a 'Smooth as Satin' quality, it is preferred by those who like the best of everything. And, surprisingly, it costs no more than ordinary Gins.

MAXIMUM U.K. PRICES:

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'this is a lovely car'

Zephyr **ZODIAC**



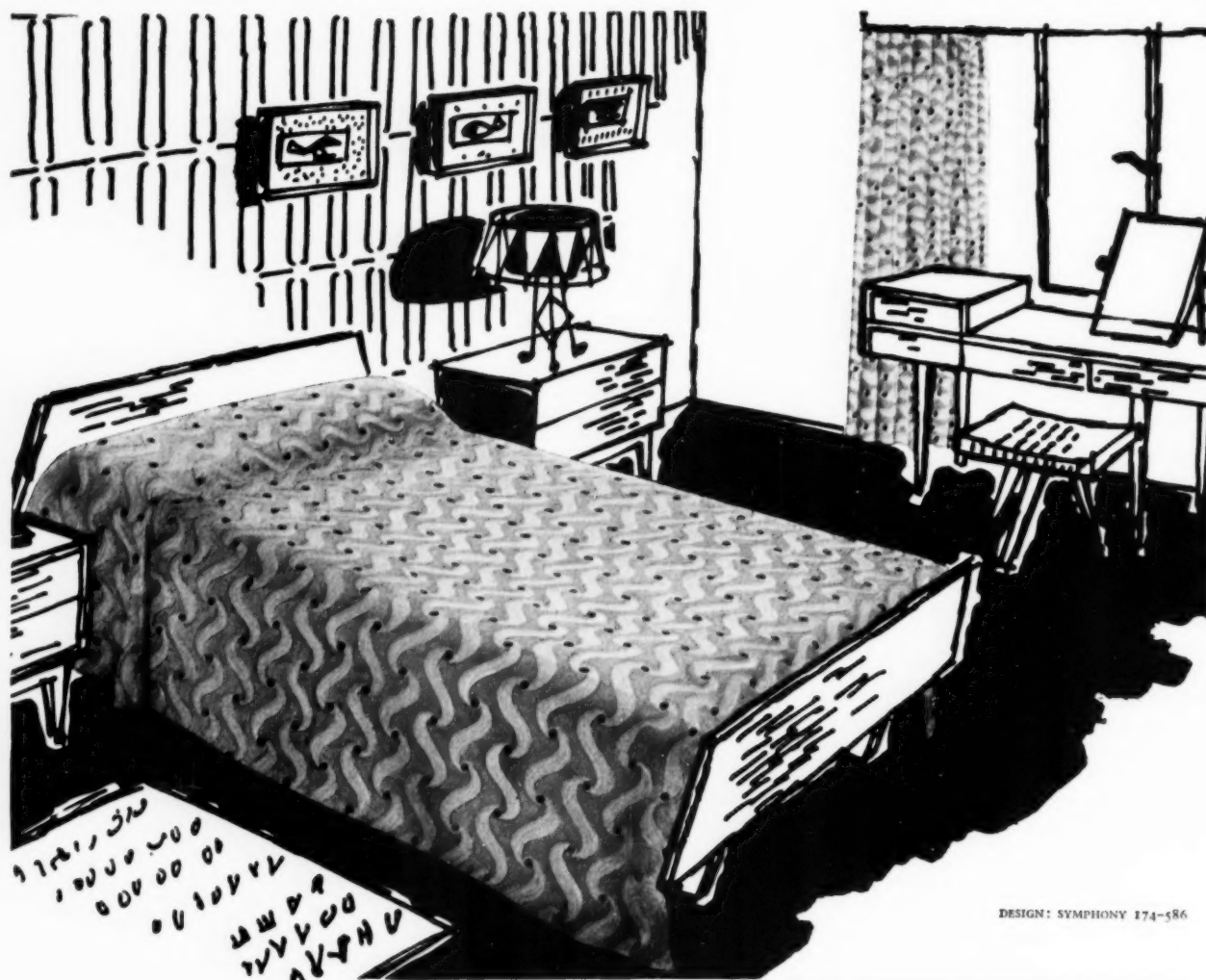
THE ZEPHYR ZODIAC—new luxury version of the famous car that won the 1953 Monte Carlo rally. The Zodiac is for connoisseurs of motoring; it is a leader amongst cars of today, built to deserve the instant admiration it will always command.



Ford

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DESIGN: SYMPHONY 174-586

Character and colour

There's wide scope for planning an elegant bedroom decor when you make the focal point a bedcover from the range of the new and handsome Vantona 'Court' weaves. They come in a variety of rich colours and designs that give immediate character to the room.

Better still, these elegant masterpieces of woven craftsmanship are 'evergreens'—for they wash beautifully, again and again.

The final touch—matching curtains, made from an extra bedcover . . . and there you have your room with an elegant air.

The Vantona Court bedcovers—Symphony, Starlight, Portcullis, and Cavalier, are each available in Royal Blue, Jade Green, Tudor Rose, and Autumn Gold. Prices:—90" × 100" 126/-. 70" × 100" 99/-.

No Vantona dyes are absolutely permanent—they are only as fast to sun and wash as modern science can make them.



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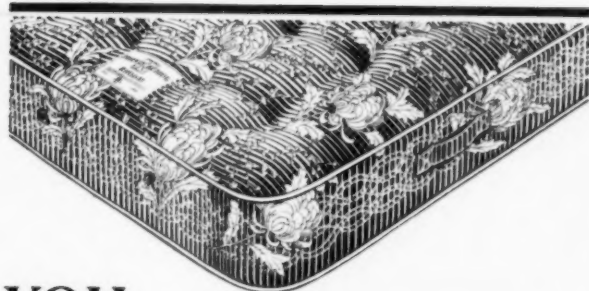
Owing to the very heavy demand for the new designs of Vantona 'Court'

Bedcovers some delay may be experienced in obtaining requirements.

The retailer is not to blame.

'Court' Bedcovers are worth waiting for, and will be more freely available as production increases.





YOU can afford a SOMNUS

Although Somnus inner-spring mattresses are generally accepted as the world's finest, it is not so well known that the price range suits every purse. Whatever you pay for your SOMNUS you will get the best value in enduring sleep comfort because the design and workmanship are unequalled and the materials used are the finest in their class.

The Somnus 'RHODOS' shown above costs only £11-0-0 in the 3 ft. size (4 ft. 6 in.—£15-0-0). Its fine open-spring unit, assembled in the special SOMNUS way is perfectly tensioned and completely silent. It is enveloped in billows upholstery of purest curled hair and cotton felt.

Other SOMNUS mattresses range in price from

£7-7-0 to £35-10-0.

Or complete with Upholstered Base to match (the finest support for your Somnus Overlay) from £14-7-6 to £48-0-0.

All good furnisiers stock and recommend Somnus.

In case of difficulty write

WILLIAM RHODES LTD., CARLTON CROSS MILLS, LEEDS, 2

Also at The Wells Road, Nottingham

All Somnus Bedding conforms to B.S.I. Standards of Quality and Cleanliness.



For Christmas

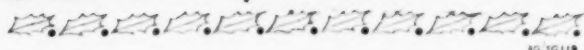
If you know
someone who
deserves a
Cosimax more
than you do
... buy two



From good chemists
and stores PRICE 26/6

The world's most luxurious
HOT WATER BOTTLE

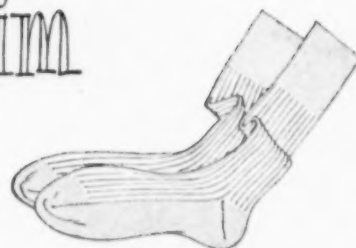
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for him

SOCKS
UNDERWEAR
KNITWEAR
SHIRTS
GLOVES
SWIMWEAR



for her

STOCKINGS
UNDERWEAR
KNITWEAR
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BLOUSES
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always



for the name

MORLEY





Waiting for a lead . . .

We have been studying the minds of men and have come to a conclusion. They differ. Some welcome progress. Others lag behind waiting for a lead.

For instance, we found a few intelligent but timid characters who still did not use a Gillette Quick-feed Dispenser. When we told them that each Dispenser contains 10 Blue Gillette Blades—20 *shaving edges*, the sharpest in the world—they were most impressed.

When they saw that the Dispenser presents a new blade in a flash, ready for shaving, and that the old blades are neatly disposed of in the built-in container, they were really enthusiastic.

And when they heard that the Gillette Quick-feed Dispenser costs only 2/10—no more than packet blades—they rushed out to buy some at once.





CHARIVARIA

THE man in Mombasa who, when a leopard jumped through his bungalow window in the middle of the night, stared at it motionless and unwinking, for half a minute, has gained widespread Press mention for his feat. We don't know why. We should have done the same.

~ ~

In all the high-level fuss about the television joke that offended the War Office the position of the ordinary licence-holder may have been overlooked. The promised tightening up of B.B.C. censorship could mean that in any future jokes with two meanings he won't be able to see either.



A Liverpool man has invented an evening collar which can be altered in circumference by means of an opening at the back and a series of stud-holes permitting periodic adjustment. Chairmen see new possibilities for the providential curtailment of after-dinner speeches.

~ ~

Moscow radio has revealed that the stereoscopic cinema screen was invented in 1941 by the Russian designer Ivanov. If American research into colour television goes ahead at its present rate there should be another sensational announcement from Moscow early next year.

Correspondence in a business efficiency magazine has been discussing how to stop a typist talking. Our own method is to ask her to read back from her shorthand.

T

We are indebted to Dr. Audrey Z. Baker, B.Sc., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., for correcting our statement that nicotine is being added to the new white bread. Nicotine, she says, has no vitamin activity, and it is nicotinic acid which is being added—"one of the B complex vitamins." But isn't the whole subject?

~ ~

Climbing teams from many countries, says a mountaineering expert, are now making preparations for their assault on Everest. Expedition organizers are asked to book early, thus avoiding peak travel periods.



The Bishop of Lewes, in referring to the bad example set by glamour girls, has seriously offended many of them. They claim that they lead model existences.

~ ~

An opponent of commercial television asserts in *The Times* that the newspaper-reading public would never tolerate the introduction of advertising into editorial matter. We note, however, that a recent front-page article in *The Spectator*, entitled "Middle East Vacuum," later carries the cross-heading, "Mr. Hoover in Teheran."

~ ~

Publishers' lists for the autumn are dominated more heavily than ever by stories of war-time prison breaks. Some of the reviewers have only to see the word "Escape" on a dust-jacket to begin tunnelling automatically.





NEVER before in human history, it is safe to assert, have so many people had an opportunity of voting as to-day. Whatever else may languish, the ballot boxes are booming everywhere. Two world wars fought for democracy have at any rate served to keep polling booths crowded from China to Peru. Towns may have been pounded into rubble in the process, and millions of people killed, with millions more rendered homeless to swell the mighty D.P. army. Destruction may have become possible on an unimaginable scale, and cruelties have been perpetrated (usually for the most exalted reasons) which would have made the Emperor Nero regret that he had not learned to play some larger and more boisterous instrument than a mere fiddle. When all this is said, however, it still remains the case that everywhere everyone is voting.

The populations of the countries of Western Europe and the Western Hemisphere are old hands at the game. They have been at it for years. There was, it is true, a time when it was considered desirable that some sort of qualification for aspiring voters should be enforced, but this fallacy has long been exploded, and it is now taken as self-evident that whoever can establish a plausible claim to belong to the human race should automatically be enfranchised.

Behind the Iron Curtain, and, while it lasted, in the Third Reich, voting has been engaged in with all the verve and enthusiasm of beginners. Majorities have been piled up which have justly been hailed as all-time records. Ninety-nine point nine per cent of the total electorate voting for the winning party is by no means unusual, and there was the truly remarkable case, when the late Stalin submitted himself for election to the Stalin district of Moscow, of a

NOTHING TO LOSE BUT OUR VOTES

candidate receiving one hundred and four per cent. This, on the face of it, somewhat peculiar result was subsequently explained by the fact that eagerness to vote for Stalin was such that voters for surrounding constituencies could not be prevented from coming in and casting votes for him. Could democracy be carried further?

Asia, likewise, has not been behindhand. Both India and Pakistan enjoy universal suffrage. Nomadic tribes are gathered into the fold on the occasion of a general election, and encouraged to make their choice between different symbols marked on ballot boxes. Sadhus rise from their beds of nails, pilgrims pause on their way to Benares, and beggars momentarily suspend their beseechings, to record their votes. Indonesia, again, may not have a government, or only one of the shadowiest kind, but it, too, indubitably goes to the polls. Roads fall into disrepair, taxes are unpaid, and only little oases of order are left in what was once a well-administered territory, but still the people vote with ever greater zest.

It was not to be supposed that Africa would lag behind. On the

West coast Ole Man Democracy just goes rolling along; and now in the Sudan, in accordance with the agreement so astutely concluded by Mr. Eden with General Neguib, electioneering is in full swing. In the southern provinces, it is true, some of the constituencies are so swampy as to be totally inaccessible to canvassers. Also, as the voters are totally illiterate, leaflets are wasted on them, and as they habitually go naked it is difficult for them to wear the ordinary kind of party favour. There is the further difficulty that, it appears, they nourish unaccountable prejudices against certain of the symbols used in polling, and unaccountable predilections in favour of others. Thus, there is the danger that they might vote for the symbol rather than the man, which, of course, is highly undemocratic.

Let us, however, dwell rather on the wonderful future now opening out before these potential constituents of Honourable Members for the Sudan South. Instead of being administered, as heretofore, by colonial exploiters, who have concentrated on such secondary objectives as irrigation and law and order, they will have their own freely elected representatives to rule over them, with the very fair prospect of becoming in due course part of the great Egyptian Republic. Former Pashas and Beys are on the march, bearing with them not only bribes and promises but also the characteristic aroma of their own splendid civilization in the Nile Delta. It is true that in the process conditions may well relapse into the wretched state they were in when the upper reaches of the Nile came under the Divine Porte. But what of that? The people will have voted. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

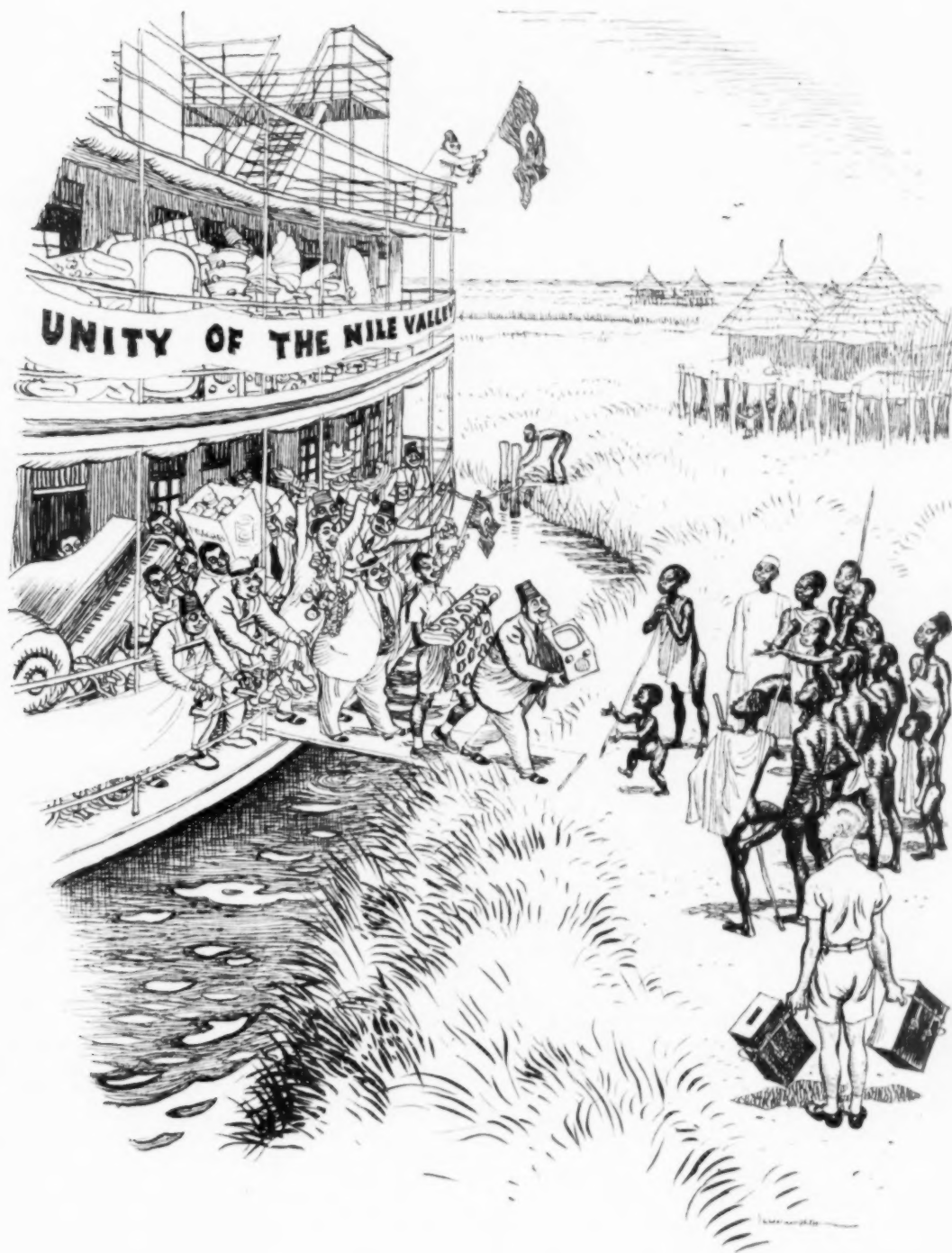


"For a long second I saw the Professor studying the morons or ants on the national and international stage. Undoubtedly, Salazar is a phenomenon. Maybe his ray of candle power is as a comet, demonstrating a jungle where apes fight for fruit in a tiny oasis of fast encroaching desert."

The Recorder

Could be a misprint for "dessert."

ELECTIONEERING IN THE SUDAN



"The effect in practice of the Anglo-Egyptian agreement on the Sudan has been to saddle 8,500,000 Sudanese, who include some of the most backward tribesmen in the world, with one of the most involved electoral systems ever devised." — *Daily Telegraph Special Correspondent in Khartoum*

Confessions of a Bayswater Playboy

BY KENNETH TYNAN

We are printing this article as a public service. It is not for the squeamish, nor the complacent. It is the uncensored story of an addict. It DOESN'T pull its punches. It DOESN'T shirk issues with mealy-mouthed hypocrisy. BUT IT DOES REVEAL THE EXISTENCE OF A DEEP-ROOTED SOCIAL EVIL WHICH WILL SHOCK THE CONSCIENCE OF EVERY DECENT MAN AND WOMAN

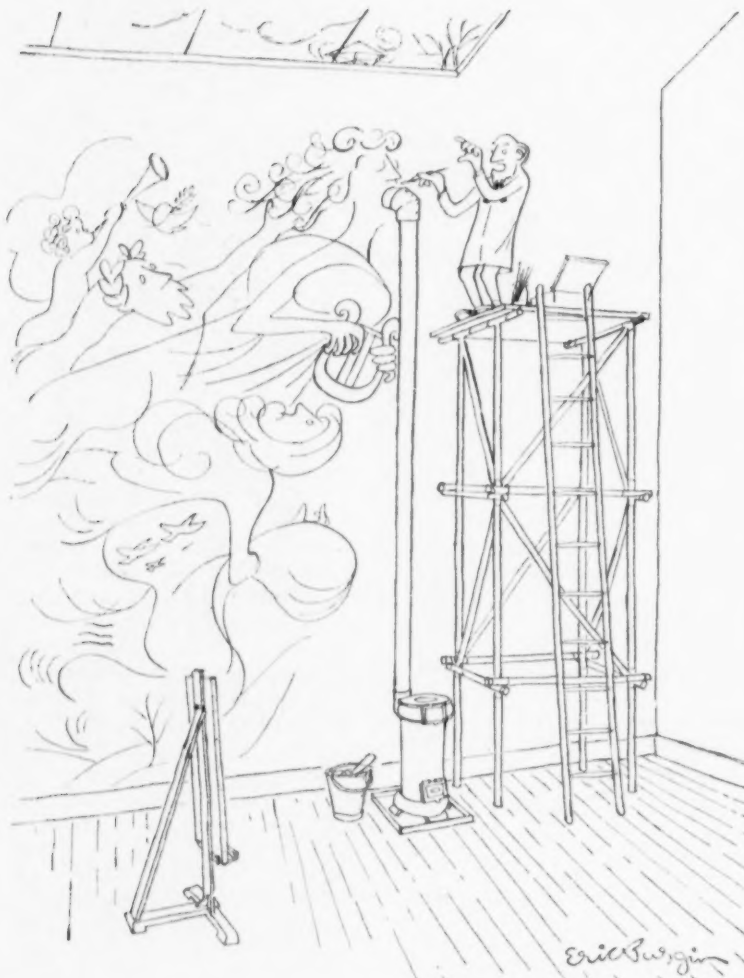
UNTIL I reached the age of six they were just a phrase to me. A healthy, contented child, how could I know, as I played in the nursery, that they would soon come to dominate my whole waking life? My first "contact" was my governess, who left one of them

unguarded in the bathroom, no doubt imagining that if I found it I would tear it up or make a hat of it. But instead, such is human frailty, I read it. I recall to this day the mingled horror and fascination with which I opened my first Sunday paper.

It seemed so harmless at first. There, above a photograph of a wrecked air-liner, ran my first headline: "IT WAS OH-SUCH-A-HEAVENLY DAY!" But almost at once the drug began to work. A warm, impersonal glow suffused my being. Avidly, uncontrollably, I read on, through "WE ARE MAKING A MESS IN SIAM: A WARNING," through "FLOORS CLEANER, SOONER, THE WAXOLITE WAY," feeling a new sensation of power and certainty with every page. I began to walk on air; I seemed to be patting life on the head, as if it were a pet dog. By the time I had got to the letter signed "'Lacing-'Em-Up,' Broadstairs," I had become, in the jargon of the traffickers, "a loyal reader." I was "real gone." *The air around me, the very words I spoke, seemed to be made entirely out of Sunday papers.*

When next Sunday came round I was already beyond all moral restraints. I stole the thick, folded wads of tell-tale grey-flecked newspaper from the breakfast-table before my parents were awake, and devoured them, par by par, in my play-pen. Other narcotics meant nothing to me. Gone was all interest in toys and games. When the "kick" had subsided I hung listlessly about the house, mouthing half-remembered phrases: "LOST LEG AT OMDURMAN, NOW WASHES BOTTLES." But inside me was a growing sense of superiority to the rest of men. No secret was hidden from me. "I Knew 'Em All! Behind-the-Scenes Revelations of the Model Railway Racket." I was borne up on clouds of god-like common sense. "Turn It Up, Pablo! An Open Letter to an Exhibitionist."

Courage was mine; nothing shocked or surprised me. "IT ISN'T PRETTY, IS IT? This picture, showing Assyrian bandits impaled on shashliks (native scythes), isn't



"Just a little wider please, Miss Cleghorn."

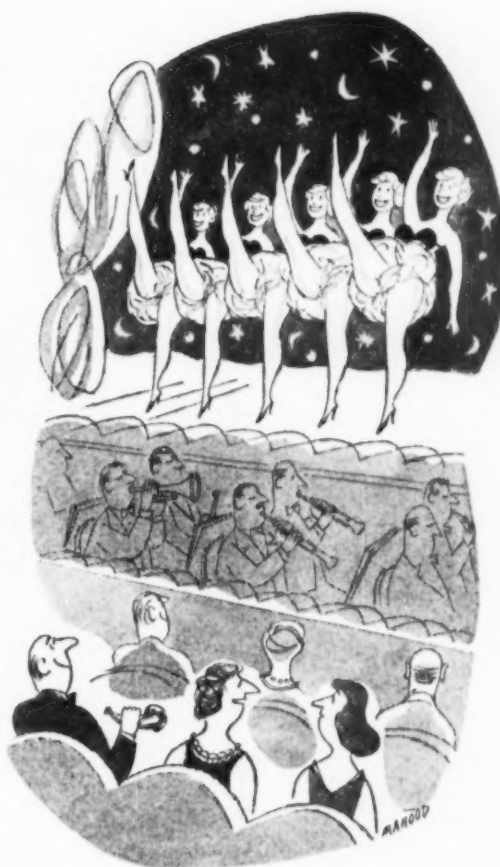
meant to be. We publish it as a reminder. The arm in the foreground was left rotting for days while jungle dogs sniffed at it. It couldn't happen here . . . Or could it?" It could, it could, I exulted. Nothing was impossible, because everything was a public service. Curled up on the nursery carpet, peering nervously over my shoulder at the door, I marched breast forward and faced the future unafraid. "Let this much be said. The men of Harwell may take heart. Theirs is a heritage fraught with glory. They have pulled us through before. And in spite of the appeasers, the cowards and the worry-mongers, *they will do so again.*" Again I had the old "glow," the old "floating" sensation, the old, unreal "lift." "Try Easy-to-Spread Chumlets! They're back in all the shops!"

By the time I left school I was needing more than just the mild "bounce" of two or three Sunday prints. I went out to a peddler on the corner to buy more and more of the stuff, always in tabloid form. Soon I knew how it felt to be, as the vipers say, "in touch." "Eyebrows were raised at the £4000 romp given by Prince Ahmed of Dhan in honour of the Serbian Ballet when noted Mayfairite Glynn Eastern showed up in tartan trews. He should have known better. My sympathy was with the cove who hauled off and kicked him in the seat of his much-publicized pants. I invite readers of this column to join my Politesse Club, and put the weirdies where they belong, in the pillory. Postcards only, please, to Good Taste, *Sunday* —, E.C.4." After reading that, I felt good inside, almost as if I had been flattered. I felt like E. R. Shrewsbury, whose skin had been cleansed the Pore-Salvo Way. I was "right-thinking man!"

As long as I could procure my weekly injections I did not even mind if they came wrapped up in culture: all sense of shame was gone. "The Week's Review: *Month in the Country*—wordy, overlong playlet about rustic goings-on in old Russia, which even the combined talents of Athene Swift and Pallas Yatterley can't rescue from boredom." With a dazed stare in my

eyes I would bury my head in the text, the better to savour its aroma. Feebly, I basked in illusions of authority. It was at this period that I began to lose my memory: time became a meaningless blur. "Screen bad-girl Robina Pale wolfed a lunch-time bite of lobster at an exclusive Mayfair restaurant and wailed: 'I want to be good!'" Years (or was it hours?) later I read: "Robina Pale, film-land's favourite good-girl, uncrossed her eyes at a Knightsbridge party last week and pertly confessed: 'I'm tired of being goody-good!'" All names, any name, would do to give me my "take-off" into bliss. "Up-and-coming 32-year-old starlet Vanessa Vore had the shock of her life when she returned to her Earl's Court flatlet last Tuesday night to find Mum and Dad, whom she hadn't seen for twenty-three years, sitting down to a champagne supper. Occasion was Vanessa's birthday. Footnote: the shapely, green-eyed ex-waitress later confided: 'I wept buckets'."

At this stage I noticed in myself another symptom of addiction. *I seemed to be writing the Sunday papers as well as reading them.* I used to recite them aloud. "Do not be deceived by surfaces," I would croon, "the true man is beneath, and it may be he who is the companion you and your heart are seeking for. This impetuosity of which you speak is mere dross and show. Give him time and let him have his knife back." Wisdom was mine, as well as courage. "Aries: Too much borrowing on no security will get you into



"Poor Henry misses so much, being deaf."

debt. Leo: Bad judgment may cause mistakes later in the week. Virgo: A clear head will be a valuable asset. Pisces: Financial matters will be more or less important. Gemini: Do not cross roads blindfold."

Even when cut off from his regular supply, the true "reader" can achieve the same, if not greater euphoria by means of a letter to the editor. I shall never forget the voluptuous exhilaration of seeing my first effort in print: "Thanks for your exposé on the so-called sport of kings, bull-fighting. There has been enough nonsense about this degrading subject. Your picture shows clearly that the self-styled 'bull' is no bigger than a large cocker spaniel." I signed myself "Soccer Fan," Leeds." I knew, then, that I had crossed the border and become an



"I hope that child's been inoculated against distemper."

initiate, or "writer," as they are sometimes known. After that I could not stop. Under another alias ("Chin-Up," Stepney) I wrote: "I collect pictures of people with smiles on their faces. I have three thousand six hundred to date, neatly pasted into seventeen albums. I find my strange hobby a great comfort."

Life by now was just one orgiastic Sabbath after another. Unable to distinguish between fact and fiction, truth and fantasy, news and advertisements, I read the serials as if they were real-life

narratives. "What has Happened: Fleeing from ill-treatment at the hands of her Moorish masters, the slave-girl Mazeppa journeys to Samarkand, bearing on her slim shoulders a barrel of Thuf, priceless dye. Exhausted, she arrives at Kubal where the station-master sees that her finger-nails have been burned off, caste-mark of the Chosen Ones of Fear. In an instant, careless of convention, she is astride the Khan's heavy, bejewelled charger." In my poor, whirling brain, Mazeppa was mixed up with the luxury flatlets of

Lancaster Gate, with Vanessa Vore (heavy, bejewelled starlet), with the Mess in Siam; and she liked Phoon because she liked her hair, and because Phoon knew *how* she liked it—soft, sure of itself, and sun-kissed. Behind all those "dubious adverts that have crept back into a certain shop window near Cambridge Circus" I saw Mazeppa's face, covered in Thuf, rioting in profusion . . . I began to feel dizzy. Hallucinatory dreams, as ghastly in their way as *The Ghastly Story of Hull*, obsessed me day and night. On a weekly outlay of less than two shillings I had sold my life into servitude.

Voluntarily, I committed myself to a rest home. Since then I have come face to face with reality. Deprived of access to the stuff and forbidden to "write," I have no feelings, no opinions, no capacity for consecutive thought. In my delirium, they tell me, I occasionally scream "Footnote!" or "Now mark this!"; and at the height of the fit I toss from side to side, sobbing: "King Zog—A Vicious Smear!" But when conscious I am not even capable of a frank and outspoken statement of the facts about timber. I have become a burden to society.

In my case the "cure" has proved to be more terrible than the disease. After six months' incarceration I have lost everything—my unswerving regard for the truth, my sensible impatience with the long-haired crew, my conviction that now is the time for plain speaking. I am a pitiful spectacle, a wreck of a man. I behave like a child, laughing when things amuse me, weeping when they depress me. I spend hours alone in the open air, and I have developed an irrational love of bridge. I even enjoy the conversation of friends. I HAVE BECOME, IN SHORT, A MODERN SAVAGE.

§ §

From a publisher's advertisement:

"HANGED—AND INNOCENT?"
by Paget, Q.C., Silverman, M.P.,
Hollis, M.P.

"If it does no more than raise a real doubt as to the guilt of any of these 3 men it will have achieved its purpose."—*Observer*."

Depends on the charge, naturally.

The Umbrella Militant

BY GORDON SHEPHERD

IT begins around dusk. The square selected must have many exits to retreat up, many cafés to retire to, and many corners where the different factions can set up their command posts. This one was ideal—a leafy quadrangle bounded with a triangle formed by three main roads. This provides thirteen corners as you can see if you draw the arrangement on a piece of paper; but even these were almost too few for the needs of the evening.

The groups are best identified by dates, for the history of Trieste is much easier to follow than its politics. There are those who oppose the latest Diktat of October 1953 (Zone A to Italy, Zone B to Tito). There are those who oppose the Diktat of March 1948 (the whole territory to Italy). There are those who oppose the Diktat of June 1945 (the Morgan Line down the ethnic middle and nobody move or we shoot). Then, after some confused business about 1924—Fiume, d'Annunzio, and so on—we come up against the next solid front: those who oppose the Diktat of November 1918 (down with Austro-Hungary and the whole territory to Italy again).

For a long time nothing happens but the chanting of ritual slogans: "Italia, Italia"; "Trieste, Trieste"; "Zivio Tito, Trst, Trst"; "Ea lebe Oesterreich," and so on. This is much more distinctive than yelling the dates, and is really done to help the police.

It's difficult to say afterwards what starts the action, or even when exactly it begins. Perhaps as good a moment as any to take is when the umbrellas appear. For the instrument of mob violence in Trieste is unquestionably the umbrella. This is in itself a pointer to national psychology. In Teutonic countries like Germany or England, knuckledusters and coshes are the tools of political thuggery. Slav peoples like the Serbs or Slovenes would use nothing less than stones. But only the lines of umbrellas, raised like Toy-town lances on either side, are visible when the vials of wrath over-

spill with the Trieste Italians. After a few soft thwacks which do nobody any harm and the umbrella trade a lot of good, these unmounted and unarmoured suburban knights retreat from the lists and the chanting starts again.

The umbrellas do, however, bring to life all the extraneous elements in the spectacle. There is first of all the Venezia Giulia Police—blue-helmeted and majestic in approach, as befits a British-trained force. The only trouble they seemed to have on this occasion was with a straw-haired female shouting for cheaper noodles and the return of Abyssinia. She had presumably got there by mistake. Nobody took much notice of her until she started trying to overturn a news-stand single-handed. Then, kicking incessantly, she was picked up bodily and carried back to her corner, like a mechanical toy moved back across the floor by a child.

The climax of the umbrellas also brings from under the stones another unsuspected group of participants—the corps of Press photographers. For as the brollies are raised so, from nowhere, are brandished a score of cameras. Magically, unexpectedly, the flash-bulbs flower in the gloom, recording the scene for posterity and the Kansas City milkman.

This particular demonstration furnished a striking example of the power of the Press. A large and very angry policeman, who had just been savagely winded by a ferrule, bore down on one of the photographers, whom he wrongly took for the assailant. Even as he swung his truncheon for the blow, the camera—badge of immunity—was produced, and, to rule out all mistakes, the agitated photographer yelled in both languages: "Stampa, Stampa, Press, Press."

The truncheon stopped in mid-air. "Seuse, Signor Dottore," the policeman stammered, throwing in an academic title to help the apology, and promptly took a bash at the figure standing alongside. This turned out to be an inoffensive girl, quietly

doing Mass-Observation in the crowd. The cameraman first took pictures of her prostrate body from all angles, and then had the decency to help to revive her with the contents of his flask. This little scene having provided the requisite drama, the meeting began to break up. Along the edges of the square crept a file of taxis who had been waiting nearby as if for the end of the opera.

In fact, however, the affair was not quite ended. For just before the square returned to normal yet another group of demonstrators came puffing up—very out of breath as they had first gone to the wrong rendezvous. These were really the most historic of all. They, it appeared, were still protesting against the Diktat of 1202, when Trieste had been forced to bow her head before dashing Doge Dandolo of Venice.

"From stem to stern, the 8,000-ton British cruiser was decked out for piracy. Some 300 handicapped and orphaned children, ranging in age from 5 to 13, came aboard for the fun. The sailors wore smudged faces, eye patches and tattered clothing. The captain, normally used to hoist the anchor, became a merry-go-round."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

A change is as good as a rest.



Bores : Redemption Course For

BY WILFRED FIENBURGH

THE other day it suddenly dawned on me that I am, at thirty-three, in danger of becoming a bore.

It happened at a committee meeting. We had already committed ourselves to a course of action when up spoke someone from the far end of the table. "I," he said brightly, "have a good idea."

I settled back in my chair, blew smoke at the ceiling and gave speech.

"I remember," I said, "when we were landing on the Normandy bridgehead. I was in a landing craft with my Brigadier and his staff. The Germans were firing on to our landing point. It looked like a fireworks benefit night. We drew near, much too near. Then a young officer piped up. 'Sir,' he said to the Brigadier, 'I have a good idea.' The Brigadier tightened his chin-strap. 'Son,' he said grimly, 'we are past the time for good ideas.'"

I looked sternly at the committee. "A good idea which comes too late," I said, "is a bad idea."

It was at this moment that I caught the glance between two of my colleagues. Nothing much. Just two pairs of uplifted eyebrows and two resigned expressions.

With a tightening round my heart I recollected that I had used

the same story before, in the same way, before the same people. I was sunk. I was typed. I was an ex-Service bore.

I remembered how I had felt during the early days of the war when I was forced, out of politeness, reinforced by a keen awareness of my junior rank, to listen to war-scarred sergeants telling about the girl they had met on the way up to Ypres, or, after I was commissioned, how I had to laugh with the be-ribboned major who told me how he squashed the staff officer who queried the ration returns outside Cambrai. And now I had joined them in the ranks of the military Ancient Mariners.

We are a menace. We wreck all civilized intercourse. We hang around the conversations of our intellectual superiors, most of whom were at the Ministry of Information or in charge of propaganda to the enemy during the war, waiting for a chance phrase on which we can hang a military analogy. And then we are in—"That reminds me of a sanitary corporal we had who always wore a civilian bowler when he was supervising the erection of latrines . . ." and away we go.

Those among us who are over forty have already dug out the photograph taken on first wearing a Sam Browne and have mounted it on the sitting-room mantelpiece. The over fifties have wars to draw upon. These are incurable.

But I have plans for the under forties. At an hotel near Aldershot I shall open a week-end school for the "Conversational Redemption of ex-Service men." The Chief Instructor, who will teach by example, will be a retired Major-Quartermaster from the Brigade of Guards, a man who can, in the accents of the Guards mess imperfectly adapted to his native dialect, tell military tales from Rouse to the closing of the bar, mentioning two milords and an honourable in each story.

He will take students on a jeep ride through the barrack lines, give them a swift tour of the battle course, and allow them to fondle a

Bren gun, pattern 1941, and an anti-tank rifle, *circa* 1939. Then, when their recollective juices are sufficiently stimulated, they will be taken before the interviewing panel.

The Chief Interviewer will be a business-like woman in tweeds and pearls who has spent a lifetime organizing Women's Institutes in the counties. After years of listening to tales which begin "The best bottled damsons I ever did were the year I had my second op. . . ." she will, for self-preservation, have acquired the power to carry on with her knitting without hearing a word addressed to her. Her assistant will be a young trades union official who has learned how to handle the oldest member of the branch who carried a soap box for Ben Tillett. The third member will be the paid secretary of a London club who after five days a week saying "Ah yes," "How interesting," and "Fascinating, you really should put it in a book," will by way of a break spend his week-ends at my school being glacially indifferent to searchers for a captive audience.

My students, bubbling with anecdotes, brought to boiling point by the Aldershot atmosphere, will open in a canter.

"Seeing that Bren gun reminds me of what my platoon sergeant used to say when a man dropped the magazine while coping with a number one stoppage . . ."

The Women's Institute Organizer will knit. The trades union official will open the *Daily Herald*. The club secretary will look over the narrator's left shoulder as though he saw doom spelt out on the wallpaper. The narrative will stumble. The raconteur will break into a moist perspiration. He will look around for salvation—but it will not arrive. Out of perverse pride and determination he will drivel on to the bitter mumbled end. And then I will take his trembling, clammy hand and lead him away.

5 5

"Return of the Merry-Berries," which appeared in *Punch* on August 5, was written (as stated in that issue) by Richard Osborne, and not by Dornford Yates.





"Loose equipment" from Battersea Park Festival Gardens will be offered for sale by auction next week.

Why I Love the Theatre

BY CLAUD COCKBURN

SAY what you will, and maybe it's true a person can make more money writing for the films, but there's something about what I call the Living Theatre which etc., etc. My experiences as playwright are treasured memories compared to which the glittering prizes of Hollywood, etc., etc., etc.

Right at the outset, with my first play all written, they told me the awful thing about The West End Theatre was that however good you were you never got anywhere unless you knew The Right People and Pulled Strings. Any time you had free, they said, you had to spend sitting in the Ivy Restaurant. This

seemed to me not awful at all but rather sound, because I knew a Right Person, had a string between my fingers, and there is nothing much wrong with the food at the Ivy Restaurant. Specifically, I knew a man who knew a man who was a Big Theatrical Manager. We will call this first man—this friend I had—Patrick Hamilton, since that is, in fact, his name. And we will say that, apart from some novels, he wrote successful plays like *Rope* and *Gaslight*. For the opposite reason we will call this Manager man Tarara, and say he was a partner in a firm called Tarara and Boomdeay.

Mr. Hamilton's advice was Not to Rush Things. This not rushing took about two months, during which, although nothing seemed to be actually happening, it was understood that Things were Going Well. By the beginning of the summer I had twice had a drink with Mr. Tarara in a public house in Brook Street, and it was thought that next week I might venture to mention—obliquely of course—the play. And if he had not just then left for foreign parts on an extended trip, I would have done that. This trip-going, however, proved to be part of Things Going Well, because the consensus was that he would come back in a Good Mood. With this in mind I was undiscouraged by the story they told me about a playwright who had been forced to live in the bar at Claridge's for nearly two years because Mr. Tarara—or possibly it was Mr. Boomdeay—had seen him there and said "Don't move until you hear from me."

I saw at once that was the sort of story that is invented by soured, not-good writers, not knowing Right People.

All winter there was a crisis in the theatre and to rush things just then would have been more fatal than ever. But there came a day in early spring when Mr. Hamilton was going to stay with Mr. Tarara for a golfing week-end in Surrey. And he was going to take the script of my play in his golf bag.

At about 5.30 on the Saturday afternoon Mr. Hamilton was on the telephone from some outlying part of the Tarara home to report that the game had been fine; Mr. T. was in a Good Mood, and receptive, though possibly a little sleepy from the fresh air. At ten minutes to six the telephone news was that Mr. Tarara was lying on the sofa in the living room with a drink beside him and the script actually on his lap. On a rug. "On," I said, "or under?" "I'll make sure," said Mr. Hamilton, and rang off to dash back to the living room.

A quarter of an hour later the telephone communicated the terrific



"And this used to be the Torture Chamber."

piece of intelligence that Mr. Tarara was positively reading the script. And the next call was even more sensational. It came through at approximately 6.23 and told me that Mr. Tarara had exclaimed, audibly, "This is good stuff." There was, however, a shade of doubt about whether he was referring to the drink or the play. Ultimately Mr. Hamilton was able to report in triumph that Mr. T. had been nearly half-way through the second act before he fell asleep.

Just after that, Mr. Tarara went away on an extended trip to foreign parts, but in the meantime he sent the play to a Reader who said it was fine; very funny dialogue; bound to make money. I took the view that in these circumstances Mr. Tarara would probably be telephoning to me within a couple of hours of his return to London, begging for an option. Later, it occurred to me that possibly he and Boomdeay were embarrassed at not having a big enough theatre available just then for my play. I thought I had better arrange an interview in the course of which I would mention tactfully that Wyndham's would be quite all right so far as I was concerned.

The interview went off splendidly. Mr. Tarara, geniality itself, as they say, said the play was fine, and his Reader thought it fine, too. He congratulated me. Such amusing dialogue.

I was just starting a little speech I had ready, saying how glad I was that Tarara and Boomdeay were going to buy it, because of the fine reputation they had in the theatre, not like some others one could mention, when Mr. Tarara added that of course it was not at all the sort of play he wanted, and he personally saw no prospect of success for it, which was why he proposed to have nothing whatever to do with it.

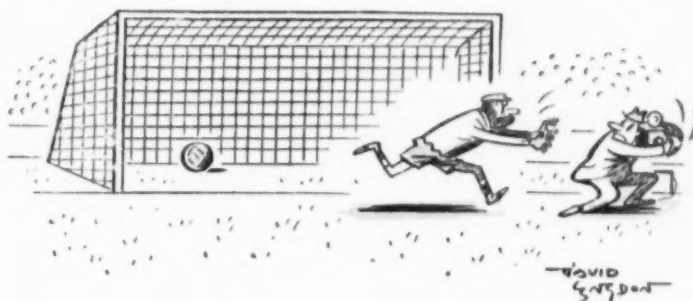
As I was leaving the room with the script under my arm, Mr. Tarara came all the way round his desk to clasp my hand. It was very moving. With his disengaged hand he picked up a brown-paper-backed copy of Mr. Rattigan's *French Without Tears*. He hesitated for a moment, looking at it lovingly. Then he said "I want you to have that," and pressed it

into my hand. I suppose that, stunned by the grandeur of the gesture, I looked confused. "I mean," said Mr. Tarara, "I am giving it to you. To keep."

After that, I took my play to Mr. Wuff, for I knew a man who knew a man who knew him, too. He congratulated me on a fine play with very amusing dialogue, and I was just going to say how glad I was that he was buying it, because of the fine reputation he had in the theatre, when he said it was a pity that it was not at all the sort of play he cared to have anything to do with. He came all the way round his desk to clasp my hand. "These," he said, pressing some papers into it, "are vouchers for stalls at a play I have

on now. I want you to have them." I must have looked stunned again, because he said, patiently, "Not just one of them. Two. You can take anyone you like."

The next nine months or so were spent getting to know a Mr. X, who was the man in whose judgment Mr. Y, the great Theatrical Manager, had implicit faith. "If X likes it," they said, "you're home." Mr. X said it was wonderful, very amusing dialogue, and then went to hospital for some weeks. When he came out, Mr. Y, overstrained by having to carry on without Mr. X's judgment, had a nervous breakdown and went to hospital for some weeks. When he came out Mr. X said he would give him the play to read, but



without mentioning his own opinion; he wanted Y's unbiased judgment—in which he had implicit faith. Mr. Y read it and said it was fine but he did not care to do anything about it unless he could have X's opinion.

It looked like an impasse and it was. But as a final gesture Mr. Y gave me the name of the hospital he had been in and said if I ever needed to get accommodated in a nerve hospital in a hurry he wanted me to feel that I was free to use his name.

I spent part of the summer rewriting a bit of the play as a novel. By the time it got published Things were not Going quite so Well. My house in Ireland began to look more and more as though it had been invented by Somerville and Ross. The Process Server was quite often out to see us before breakfast, and the man at the bottom of the drive was not a lodge-keeper but the Sheriff's Officer, pricing the horses and threatening to drive them off and sell them, unless. In these circumstances the thing to do was to sell the film rights of the novel. This is supposed to be quite a difficult thing to do, but is not so if you go about it the right way. The way I went about it was to leave the Process Server and Sheriff's Officer

to carry on as best they could, and go to a Hunt Ball in County Wicklow. There, at about 4.45 a.m. (I am keeping this accurate for the sake of those boys at the back who may want to try), around the time people start stripping to the waist and jumping off balconies blowing hunting horns, I met a Hollywood film director in his coat so gay. We'll just call him Mr. John Huston.

Under these conditions I like to talk about my novel, and Mr. Huston likes to talk about horses in their many aspects; things to hunt foxes on, things to put your money on. Nevertheless, I threw a copy of the book into the 'plane after him as he left for London, and a couple of days later I had a guarded message from his secretary saying he was so absorbed in it that he fell half-way downstairs reading it. I thought the hospital sequence was coming round again, but in a very little while

Mr. Huston was sitting under the leak in my roof with his hat on, saying the book was wonderful, especially the dialogue. Naturally I was alarmed, thinking the next step would be that he would give me an autographed photograph of Humphrey Bogart and say good-bye. But it seems film people are different, and after our local post office had transmitted to Beverly Hills several of the longest cables seen since the Easter Rising, the largest sum of money arrived that had been seen since I really cannot remember when.

But money, as they so rightly say, is not everything. Dub me sentimental if you will; but I am not sure that I do not still prize above all else those souvenirs of the days when I was in the real theatre—that book, the stubs of the tickets for Mr. Wuff's play, the address of that hospital for the nervously collapsed.

School Fireworks

FIFTY, perhaps, pairs of parents' frozen feet
Shuffle and stamp in the snow; and a sudden rocket roars
Up into the snow-clogged sky. The fifty frozen parents
Muffle and clench in coats, wishing themselves indoors,

And yet not wishing, being unable even to wish
To leave their fugitive young, who stamp and shuffle in the snow,
And talk, and suck strange sweets, and stuff small, purple hands
Into tight pockets, and exclaim, and plug the programme of the show.

Gravity-impeded, the rocket crawls in a flattening curve
And bursts in rose-red galaxies, lighting the faces aligned
By the long rope, lighting the flat snow and the trees
And the nineteenth-century sandstone splendour of the school behind.

The fathers' faces are aligned above and the sons' below,
The fathers' smiling, the sons' pop-eyed, but both upflung
With the towering rocket: the mothers', aligned in a middle row,
Droop in placid wonder at the rose-pink rank of their young.

The sparks fall and falling are spent; the glow has gone;
But the last rocket burning burnt on the inward eye
The black filigree shadow of the bare-branched silver birch
Swinging on the rose-lit snow as the rocket swung in the sky:

The black birch branches, threaded and interwoven
By the branching fire: the absorbed boy who suddenly smiled:
The timeless, ox-like beauty of the snow-booted madonna
Down-bent over the unconscious, chocolate-chewing child.

P. M. HUBBARD



"We remain, yours very truly . . ."



EARL'S COURT DIARY

Hold-up : Crisis : Promotion

BY MARJORIE RIDDELL

NO doubt about it—am very clever girl!

All started with quarrel with Trotter. Poor old Trotter not too bad, and certainly have worked for worse, but sometimes is quite impossible.

Was late on Monday morning because of hold-up on Tube from Earl's Court. Trotter sneered, said "I see."

SELF. "Is true!"

TROTTER. "All right, all right. Pity didn't come by bus."

SELF. "Am not psychic!"

TROTTER. "All right, all right. Can only say funny thing I travelled on same line but no hold-up."

SELF. "Possibly not on same train."

TROTTER. "Probably on earlier one."

Hated him.

'Phone rang 11.30. Trotter answered, went red in face, thrust 'phone at me, hissed "It's Eggrite Eggbeaters! Tell them am not in!"

SELF. "Hullo, Mr. Flaphapper. No, very sorry, not in. This is secretary. Can help?"

FLAP. "Want to see him. Can he come this morning 12.30?"

SELF. "You want to see him 12.30?" Raised brow at Trotter.

TROTTER (hissing). "No, no!"

FLAP. "Is very important. Am greatly disturbed. In this week's issue *Woman's Chum* is long cookery article and advice given that eggs should be beaten with fork in basin. Am appalled! Why magazine not say Use Magic Eggrite Eggbeaters—Cook-right use Eggrite be Cake-right? I pay your firm large fee for editorial publicity yet thing like this slips through fingers. I have cousin who is good friend your chairman and I don't think your chairman would think Eggrite Eggbeaters unworthy of mention."

SELF. "Excuse me, Mr. Flaphapper, other 'phone is ringing."

Covered mouthpiece, told Trotter Trotter bit his fingers. Snarled. "Tell him will be there 12.30."

I got back from lunch 2 o'clock. Message to ring Trotter at Eggrite.

TROTTER (furious). "Where been?"

SELF. "Lunch."

TROTTER. "Rang you at one. Not in office."

SELF. "No, because go lunch 12.45. Always have. Your idea."

TROTTER. "Well, I wanted you."

SELF. "Oh."

TROTTER. "What did I want you for?"

SELF. Speechless.

TROTTER. "Have forgotten now!

Was very urgent! Mustn't happen again!"

Slammed down 'phone.

Was ready for Trotter when came back. Said: "Mr. Trotter, think I must tell you am considering accepting another post that been offered me by American department store at new London branch. Am not getting any further here. Idea was I should be promoted your assistant. You would get new secretary. Promised year ago. No sign yet."

Trotter furious. Why not tell him before? Can't leave him in lurch now! Rome wasn't built in day!

Was adamant.

Trotter rushed upstairs to directors. I was summoned. Long talk. Sent away. Summoned again.

And now am Trotter's assistant. Hurray, hurray. As long as can stand Trotter, will be good thing—

—Especially as when got home found letter saying regret that post applied for now been filled.

~ ~

"The first function of a modern trade union leader should be to have the ear of the men so that he knows in advance where the shoe seems likely to pinch."

Leader in *The Times*

Then he can say a word in their foot.

The Odyssey Retraced



Mykros SS A.F.

Straightway under his feet his sandals he bound,
Ambrosial gold, that swift as the breath of the wind
Bear him o'er boundless earth and the watery main.

Bk. V, p. 59



Mykros SS A.F.

First thou shalt come to the Sirens, the maids that enchant
All men that go on the sea who their island approach:
For whose the sound of their song has unwittingly heard,
Never can he to his wife and children return.

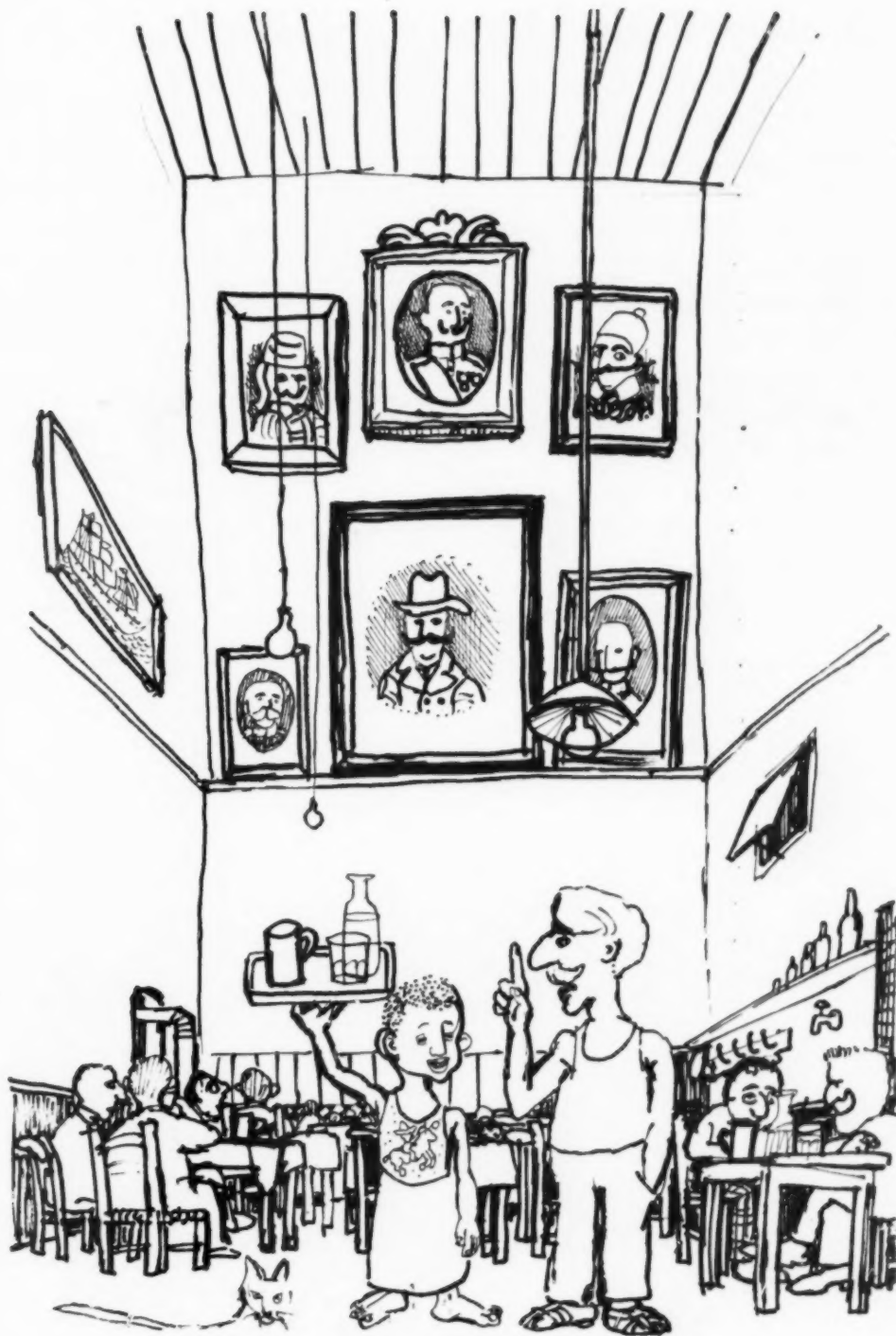
Bk. XII, p. 152



Mykros SS A.F.

And my comrades like nine-year-old boars came forth from their pen
And stood before her, and quickly she went through their ranks
And smear'd over each one's body a different charm;
And the bristles dropp'd from their limbs that the venomous drug
Of the lady Circe had erstwhile cloth'd them withal,
And at once their manhood restor'd, my comrades they were
But younger and taller and fairer than ever before.

Bk. X, p. 480



*Telemachus, soon art thou likely to learn for thyself,
Having come where only the best can the issue decide,
Not to disgrace thy fathers, who many a day
Among every people in manhood and prowess have shone.*

Bk. XXIV, p. 308

*[The quotations are from S. O. Andrew's
translation of The Odyssey (Dent)]*

This Reader Ends Here

BY R. G. G. PRICE

I wander round the Library shelves, dipping into the new novels; but when they open like this . . . or like this . . . is it surprising that I come out with something I have read before?

HE looked like life had hurt him all seven foot of him as he walked slowly into the terminus, carrying his saddle over his arm the way they do back in Packseed Country. A ridge furrowed between his brows and his mouth was caught up sharp. I guessed he was a burned child that would never dread the fire until it tried to burn something he loved and then he would quench it with a chill fierceness that would sear like molten granite and consume like time itself.

By his side there trotted a

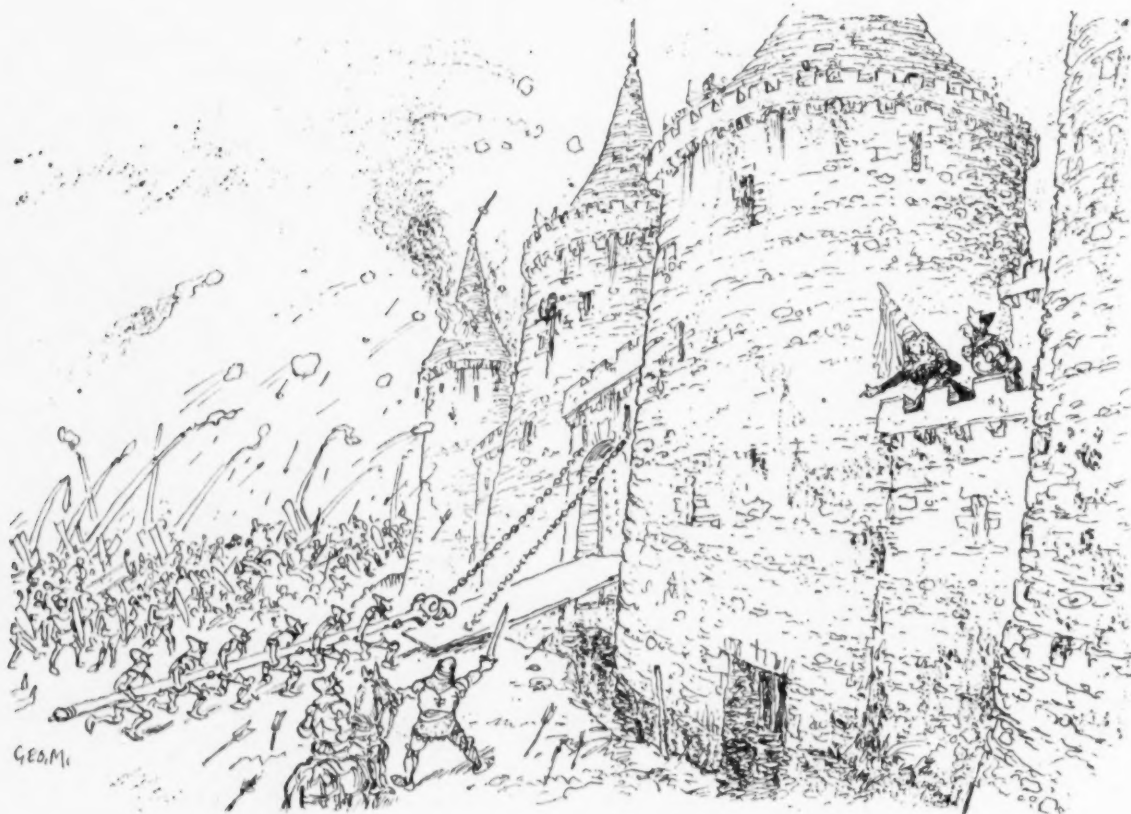
misshapen lump of human dough that rose with hysterical affability on the points of snakeskin shoes, pawing at the iron-hard muscles of the cowman's arm, eagerly pointing out the sights, a fawning lump, a lump as secretly murderous as a streptococcus, a lump that was kind of a platonic idea of lumpishness. Without shortening his stride or softening the smile that hovered just behind his eyes like a heat-haze in the Blue Roots Country, the stranger flung him under a passing freight-car and then asked a bystander in his soft, dangerous voice whereabouts in the town a man should go that was lonesome for women.

* * * * *

Lady de Montmaesle smiled quizzically over her *petit-point*. Then,

throwing a rueful smile towards the portrait of the nineteenth countess, she walked to the great bell-rope that hung by the overmantel. It was long since the gracious days when she would have rung the silver bell by her side and summoned the Groom of the Chamber to pull the rope. The last Groom of the Chamber had not only refused to take his wages but had forced his employers, who were proud to consider themselves his friends, to accept his life-savings rather than reduce their circumstances still further below the poverty-line.

In response to her summons the junior footman on duty entered, his head whitened, alas, with a flour substitute that came in seven-pound tins from the Co-op., and placed a



"You must keep them out until I can get some clean rushes down."



sack of coals on the fire. "With the compliments of the Coal Board, my lady," he said. Beyond windows now cleaned by the National Trust, open-cast coal-mining was rooting out the mineral wealth from the Home Paddock.

The footman was starting to withdraw when Lady de Montmaesle, smiling wryly to herself—Thank heaven, she was murmuring, for my sense of humour—said "James, have you not overlooked something?" Blushing, the adoring James produced his Post Office Savings Book. "Hope you and his lordship can make use of this," he mumbled.

"Thank you, James," said Alicia de Montmaesle, and then, with a superb gesture that reverberated with seven centuries of breeding and rebuked modern ways, so-called, she stretched out her translucent fingertips with a glance of defiance at the nineteenth countess. "Shake hands, James," she said.

This is the tale of what befell Pardiggle Potts, Esq., of Greenery Villa, Spott Avenue, Wantage. It is also the tale of Little Miss Bragg from the shop by the bus-stop, of Jessamy Purdle and her doll Teena-Anne, of Moony, the dog with a grievance, of Professor Salathiel O'Rory O'Rourke who knew songs in twenty tongues and curses in twenty-two, and, above all, of Mipps the Midget who wanted a home with Welcome on the mat and was forever being moved on by policemen and men from the Ministry and men from the Council and the newfangled necessity of earning her living.

As the cavalcade passed under the dexter arch of the sallyport, the

great mass of the Abbey—the dorter, the refectory, the scriptorium, the calefactorium, the hospitium—loomed high above the riders who, as their palfreys jingled onwards, glanced back for one last sight of flying-buttress and quoin, nook-shaft and drip-stone, chamfered hood mould and keeled string-course, before turning to the front and observing that they were passing through a street in which could be found cordwainers and curriers, loriners and cutlers, farriers and waxhandlers, nay more . . .

The Combat-sergeant's eyes became red discs as he talked of what you did to an ally when you got him alone back of the hill.

"!!!" snarled Reilly to himself. "!!!!"

Repairs to Bench

"JUDGES' SALARIES

Any increases allowed will be directly related to repairs."—*Evening Standard*

JUSTICE, which is proverbially blind,

Has yet a decent knack of being kind.

The even-handed majesty of law

Deals out its sanctions without fault or flaw,

And if some speck of error should creep in,

Some little, lingering particle of sin,

Some hint, however small, of smirch or smudge,

We'll send the hat round to repair the judge.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Command Performance

BY LORD KINROSS

A GREAT White Light shines into Leicester Square. Shakespeare, turned to stone, looks down from his plinth upon an empty garden, securely enclosed by concrete posts and steel-mesh netting, where chrysanthemums wilt and leaves lie in drifts beneath empty garden seats. Lined up beyond its barriers, pale beneath the light, stands a crowd consisting, at first sight, of policemen in macs, police-women in nylons, first-aid men in medals. Behind them, rank upon rank, are the People, in the uniform modes of their century.

A few ladies, ballet-conscious, have deviated into rolled-up slacks and sandals; a few others are coiffed and dressed like the stars of their dreams. Perched against

the steel-mesh, chewing gum, they lean precariously forward, twittering, on the necks of silent, battle-dressed Royal Engineers, chewing it too. All gaze hypnotically at that even whiter, brighter light behind the glass doors of the Odeon, an aquarium into which hired glass cars are decanting shoals of tropical fish.

The aquarium is filling up, little fish looking big, big fish looking little. The cameras hum with a comforting rhythm. The arc-lights shine warmly on silver-blue and minkaleen, carnations in the button-hole and orchids in the hair, coiffures of gold and platinum and silver, big cigars and horn-rimmed spectacles and oriental profiles. They shine on a confusion of ladies and gentlemen

trying to look like stars and stars trying to look like ladies and gentlemen.

"It's so frustrating," moans the lady cub reporter. "You ask them what their names are and they turn out to be nobody. You know Everybody?"

"Nobody."

"Well, over there, that's Kay Kendall's six-foot sister, Kim."

"And the stout one in the beard and the kilt?"

"He must be Somebody."

The Ladies of the Screen are being televised and filmed, demure as débutantes in their presentation crinolines of chiffon and organdie and satin; the Gentlemen too, in the faultless tail-coats and white ties of the County. A lady with a notebook is interrogating a mock Gary Cooper: "This your first 'do' of this sort? How do you feel?"

"Well, I feel a bit jittery."

The real one, dignified and diffident as a retired ambassador, with hesitant, drainpipe legs, is as modest: "It's a privilege and a pleasure . . . This wonderful city . . . To-night, I guess, is the greatest thrill of my life . . ."

The well-bred hum of conversation proceeds.

"My name is Burnup, Mr. Guinness. I'm supposed vaguely to resemble you."

"How very old . . ."

"Do I clean my own silver buttons? What a damfool question! Where are you from?"

"Believe it or not, the *Daily Telegraph* . . ."

Professional amateurs, more gentlemanly than gentlemen and more ladylike than ladies, the Aristocrats line up beneath the lights, in two immaculate rows as though for Sir Roger de Coverley, but in strict order of precedence: peers of the Screen lacking only orders and decorations, its peeresses, in long white gloves, lacking only tiaras. (A solitary one is worn: by a mere marchioness of the County). But the lady reporters, kicking off their shoes to stand on sofas and thus improve their view, remark that Kay,



"So long, Colonel, I must fly."

the sister of Kim, wears a diamond necklace ("Or is it paste, my dear?") and Glynis a choker of pearls ("Just a little too big, my dear, to be true").

Presently there is a shrill hulla-baloo from the street and, to the music of an organ, Gloriana enters in a royal tiara and a blaze of diamonds, pearls and sapphires, escorted by a glittering Princess, an immaculate Consort, and two slinky equerries in black velvet collars. Playing the part of a Queen as no mere star could play it, nonchalantly outshining the arc-lights, she glides through the firmament from star to star, investing all with her smile as they curtsy and bow like courtiers to the manner made.

Remarks are exchanged on the beauties of the Trossachs, where the film-to-come was shot, and on the stalwart qualities of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who played a part in it; and there is a breezy exchange of talk with a naval commander, who is thanked in the programme for his "splendid efforts" in producing the stage-show of stars which follows.

Eventually the moment arrives at which, in periods Shakespearean, "We the living actors willingly give way to cellulose," and the film is shown: *Rob Roy*, disclaiming fictional connections with Sir Walter Scott, featuring Mr. Todd ("who weighs 154 pounds"), Miss Johns (108 pounds) and Mr. Justice (252 pounds).

When it is over the lights go up once more, the big fish vanish, the little fish linger, staring entranced at one another. There are cries of "Mr. Blattner's car! . . . Mrs. Freedman's! . . . Mrs. Steinberg's! . . . Mr. Bernstein's! . . . and in the rain outside, their last trains gone, the People, together with Shakespeare in stone, stand speculating, far into the night, on the identity of these Great Ones.

"Intimacy, off-guard, behind-your-back, behind-the-scenes, letting your hair down, boudoir, relationships between men and women, subtleties of behaviour and character—these are the words and phrases that will help you to keep television on the rails."—*Evening Standard*

Broad-gauge, of course.



March for Drum, Trumpet and Twenty-one Giants

WITH stumping stride in pomp and pride

We come to bump and floor ye;
We'll tramp your ramparts down like hay
And crumple castles into clay
And, as we ramp and romp and play,
Our trump'll blow before us—

(*cresc.*) Oh trumpet, trumpet (tramp it, tramp it!),
trumpet blow before us!

We'll bend and break and grind and shake
And plunder ye and pound ye;
With trundled rock and bludgeon blow,
You dunder-heads, we'll dint ye so
You'll blunder and run blind, as though
By thunder stunn'd, around us—

(*ff.*) By thunder, thunder, thunder, thunder, thunder
stunn'd around us.

Oh tremble town and tumble down
And crumble shield and sabre!
Oh skimble-skamble counsels fail
And horses stumble and turn tail
And monarchs mumble and grow pale,
But rumble drum belaboured!

(*dim.*) Oh rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble, rumble
drum belaboured! N. W.

Before the Opening Meet

BY GIDEON TODE

"AND what makes you so certain that to-morrow is the opening meet?" asked Satan, the black cob.

"Oh, general increase of rations and bad language. It sticks out a mile," said Hard Cash, the veteran of the stable.

This was the seventh season that he had carried Master, who hunted hounds himself, and there was little about the game that he didn't know. He looked down at his own broken knees and then at the other three inmates of the stable. There was Rudolf the Red, flashy and erratic; too long in the leg, too long in the back, he could best be described in the Irish phrase—a bit of a chancer.

Next to him stood Silver. Of course everyone liked Silver, the iron-grey Arab, that Master had so mysteriously "won" in North Africa. But there again, everyone knew that Silver wasn't really up to Master's weight.

"I wonder how many of us will still be taking our turn by Boxing Day," Hard Cash remarked to the fourth inmate of the stable, Satan, the young black cob with the biggest curb that ever came out of County Kildare. "You can't run a two-day-a-week pack on four horses."

"I don't mind anything as long as I don't have to carry Jo," said Rudolf, referring to the welter-weight lady-groom who had joined the kennel staff on being demobbed.

"You needn't worry about that. She'll follow in the station-wagon with the Hunt terriers—at least that's what happened last year," Hard Cash replied.

"Where on earth did Master pick her up?" asked Satan.

"Oh, one of the Situations Wanted adverts in the *Stable and Kennel*. You know the sort of thing. 'Bank Manager's energetic, refined daughter, fond of horses, go anywhere, do anything.'"

"Fourteen stone of refinement. No wonder the Bank Manager put her in the draft," remarked Rudolf. "All the same," he went on, "sometimes you do find some rather



interesting stuff in those advertisement columns. I remember in Ireland someone reading out a very fetching advertisement about myself."

"'Horses Unwanted' column, I suppose," murmured Satan.

"What's that?"

"Pay no attention to him. Please go on," said Silver.

Rudolf coughed, then continued. "As far as I can remember, it went something like this—'Handsome, thoroughbred, chestnut gelding, 7 years old (that was a year or two back of course), certain to win high-class races, to a good home only.'"

"That means cheap, of course," put in Hard Cash.

"I don't see why."

"Yes, yes," insisted Hard Cash, "the phrase 'To a good home' is always understood in the trade to mean going cheap."

"Anyway you fetched up here," Silver said, sniffing at the acrid smell of cooking horse-flesh that reached them from the kennels across the yard—the smell that always reminded him of the huge abattoir on the outskirts of Alexandria. "But tell me," went on Silver, who being a pure-bred Arab could decently take an interest in the matter, "I think you said thoroughbred. Are you really in the Book?"

Rudolf reached down to chase

an imaginary fly off his fetlock and thus avoid meeting three very inquisitive pairs of eyes.

"'He is in the Book and he's not in the Book,' that's what the Irishman, who owned me, always said."

"In fact," said Satan, "you're not in the Book."

"I've often heard it said," quickly put in Silver, "that in Ireland during the war years—"

"We called it the Emergency over there," interrupted Rudolf.

"Of course, so you did. So strange," said Silver, who was rather vainglorious about his own war record (he had fought on both sides). "As I was saying—in Ireland during the Emergency the records weren't kept very carefully, and so you might easily be thoroughbred although your name wasn't down."

"Exactly," said Rudolf.

"And what about those high-class races," Satan went on remorselessly, "that your former owner, this feckless Irishman who forgot to register your birth, said you were certain to win? Did you ever win any of them?"

"I've always been kept too busy hunting. Anyway, I'm not sure I'd care much about racing. All that gambling, you know," concluded Rudolf the Red rather priggishly.

"You're quite right," said Silver. "I remember, in the Koran, the Prophet was dead against all games of chance—including chess."

"Forget all about racing and chess," said Hard Cash, "and let's get some sleep. We'll all certainly need it. You, Silver," continued Hard Cash tactfully, "because you aren't really up to Master's weight. You, Rudolf, because the heavy going in the Vale—and believe me it always is heavy there—will pull those long aristocratic legs of yours to pieces. And you, Satan, because of your curb."

"And what about you!" angrily replied Satan. "You need rest, I suppose, because of your broken-kneed ancient wisdom?"

"You've said it, youthful Beelzebub. You've said it."



"There go the Barlows of No. 17, overdoing things as usual!"



Monday, October 26

Before questions began, there was a meeting of the Strike Committee on the Front

House of Commons: Bench—Sir DAVID

MAXWELL FYFE, Sir WALTER MONCKTON and Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD in close and earnest conference. Their communiqué, issued later, indicated the



"... the interim egg ..."

impending end of the tanker-drivers' strike.

Dr. CHARLES HILL took a firm and proper stand against the tendency of hon. Members to use parliamentary time to elicit laughter rather than information. While Mr. NABARRO was putting a series of more-or-less earnest inquiries about eggs, one of which referred to "the interim eggs scheme," Mr. MIKARDO thought to advance the interests of the country by asking "What is the article referred to as an 'interim egg'?" Later, Mrs. BRADDOCK was showing anxiety about the purity of "ice lollies," and Colonel GOMME-DUNCAN wanted to know "whether a lollie is a lollipop with the pop taken out?" Dr. HILL answered both these rather-lighter-than-light-programme questions in the manner known as "dead-pan."

The debate on Fuel and Power followed the pattern set last week for the discussion of nationalized industries; that is to say, the Opposition begins by congratulating the Government on having made a success of a Socialist measure, after which pretexts for disagreement are sought on matters of detail. During the speech of Mr. PATRICK MAITLAND, a Miss Croydon threw some leaflets into the House from the Strangers' Gallery. This was quite an entertaining idea, but she would have done better to hold her fire until a later and more soporific stage in the proceedings.

Tuesday, October 27

The Opposition rather short-sightedly decided to play the same

House of Commons: game over Civil Aviation

had over Transport and Fuel and Power. Mr. LINDGREN, opening for them, began with usual run of back-handed congratulations; "to-day," he said, "the success story which has been begun by the Parliamentary Secretary is a success story of the policy of the Labour Party, and I am glad to have played some part in it." In fact, however, as was soon pointed out by Mr. W. R. D. PERKINS, B.O.A.C. was a Conservative creation. In the circumstances it was not surprising that the Opposition switched much of their criticism to the charter companies, still safely outside the pale. The debate at one stage looked like developing into a Scottish preserve, from which it was rescued by the well-timed tactlessness of Mr. MIKARDO.

Wednesday, October 28

The Lords showed disappointingly little enthusiasm for debating

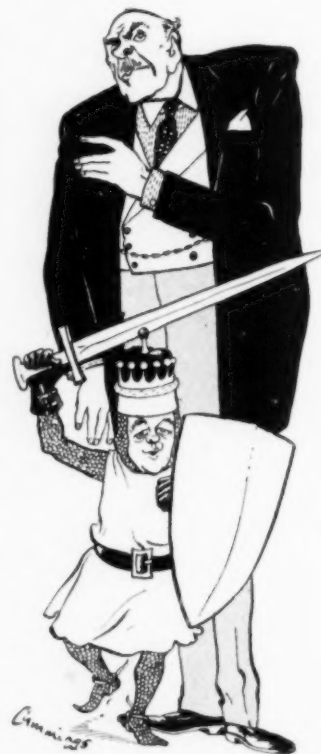
House of Lords: British Guiana.

House of Commons: Perhaps they realized how little new

there was to be said on the subject. At all events

neither Lord OGMORE nor Lord LISTOWEL from the Socialist benches found anything to say that had not already been expressed, rather better, in the Lower House. It was left to Lord MILVERTON, speaking with all the authority of a lifetime spent in Colonial administration, to provide that touch of disinterested expertise which characterizes the House of Lords at its best and is, indeed, its triumphant justification for existing.

After such an unequal showing, it was not difficult for the Earl of MUNSTER to "defend the actions of the Colonial Secretary as if they were my own." Mr. LYTTTELTON, looming genially on the steps of the Throne, did not look greatly in need of defence, but may have been gratified



LORD MUNSTER: Let me defend the actions of the Colonial Secretary as if they were my own.

to hear how well his arguments sounded in the noble Lord's mouth.

A rather more internecine battle was raging in the Commons about Trieste. Over all the proceedings lowered the embarrassing spectre of the late Mr. Ernest Bevin, who, as Socialist Foreign Minister, had in 1948 been a party to the proposal that Trieste and all its attendant zones should be given to the Italians. A few Socialists, headed by Mr. NOEL-BAKER, went through the motions of believing the 1948 declaration to have been morally superior to the 1953 one; only from the extreme Left came the cry of "a plague o' both your houses." Mr. RICHARD CROSSMAN spoke openly of "duplicity in both cases"; his contribution to the debate was poetically described by Lord HINCHINBROOKE as "a great fountain which you can admire while it is playing, every drop scintillating



LORD HINCHINBROOKE: *All you had to look at was a great ugly nozzle in the middle of a placid pool.*

with light; but when he turned off the fountain all you had to look at was a great ugly nozzle in the middle

of a placid pool." Miss JENNIE LEE (who surprised no one by the revelation that she had lately been in Yugoslavia) thought the 1948 declaration "dirty politics." It is doubtful if anyone on either side was really comfortable about the turn of events; but then the situation is hardly one in which it is reasonable to look for comfort, and perhaps an acceptable substitute for the time being may be found in strength.

Thursday, October 29

The Commons, or a few of them, met at eleven o'clock in the morning and immediately and immediately House of Commons: set about dispersing again. The SPEAKER explained that his omission to accord to them his usual end-of-session handclasp was no reflection on their mutual relations; he simply wanted to let them get away more quickly.

B. A. YOUNG

Part-Song for a Party Line

JOHN BULL he had a Telephone,

All on a party line;

His dialling tone was half his own,
His incoming calls half mine.

John Bull had half a Telephone.

John Bull he had an Income,

An Income dearly gained;

But of every pound (that the tax-man found)
Only six-and-eight remained.

John Bull had half a Telephone and a third of an Income.

John Bull he had a spacious House—

It made four maisonettes;

With the £ s. d. from the other three

John coped with a few of his debts.

John Bull had half a Telephone, a third of an Income and a fourth of a House.

John Bull he had a Gardener

Whose wage was such a lot,

John could only pay for one weekly day—

So the garden went to pot.

John Bull had half a Telephone, a third of an Income, a fourth of a House and a fifth of a Gardener.

John Bull he had a daughter,

A Scholarship she won;

But the Tax he paid *proved* he didn't need aid—

Though they left him a sixth for fun.

John Bull had half a Telephone, a third of an Income, a fourth of a House, a fifth of a Gardener and a sixth of a Scholarship.

John Bull he had a Rich Uncle

Who died and went to heaven.

He left John the lot but death-duty got

About six parts in seven.

John Bull had half a Telephone, a third of an Income, a fourth of a House, a fifth of a Gardener, a sixth of a Scholarship and a seventh of a Rich Uncle.

John Bull he went to the funeral,

A Silk Top Hat he wore.

And fifty men would hire it again

As forty-nine had before.

John Bull had half a Telephone, a third of an Income, a fourth of a House, a fifth of a Gardener, a sixth of a Scholarship, a seventh of a Rich Uncle and about one per cent of a Silk . . . Top . . . Hat.

John Bull was once a whole man

And after our own hearts;

But the most we can say about him to-day

Is that he's a man of parts.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE Sherlock and After

Holmes and Watson: a Miscellany.
S. C. Roberts. Geoffrey Cumberlege:
Oxford University Press, 10/6

MR. S. C. ROBERTS presents here the fruits of his long study of the Sherlock Holmes-Doctor Watson cycle. The chronology is scientifically examined, and many psychological points investigated. Mr. Roberts rightly insists that the methods of Holmes himself must be applied to Holmesian researches, and that mere speculation is not in itself appropriate, unless backed with evidence.

We begin with Holmes's family origins, described by himself as "a long line of country squires," varied by a grandmother who was sister to the French painter of battle-pieces, Horace Vernet. The name "Holmes" is found too generally for any local conclusions to be drawn. Mr. Roberts toys with the Isle of Wight, but East Anglian or Yorkshire stock would be equally probable. He does not probe the question of the names "Sherlock" and "Mycroft"; the former with distinctly Irish associations, the latter, found sparsely in the London telephone book, but hinting at the north.

Like all experts Mr. Roberts is at times a shade pontifical. When Mr. Guy Warrack (in his interesting monograph, *Sherlock Holmes and Music*) suggests that Holmes's fondness for Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Offenbach indicates Jewish blood, Mr. Roberts dismisses this perfectly legitimate conjecture as "a piece of ill-judged pleasantries." However, Watson sold his Kensington practice to a young doctor called Verner, a distant relation of Holmes. Mr. Roberts adds a note to the effect that "Verner" may be a corruption of "Vernet." But "Verner" might equally well be a slip for "Wernher"; though it would perhaps be going too far to suppose that "Sherlock" was a form of "Shylock," a name retained in the family for sentimental reasons to recall an

ancient Jewish-Venetian descent. Holmes's temperament—and some of the extant pictures of him—make a Jewish strain at least a credible hypothesis.

On his own statement Holmes went to the university. Mr. Roberts produces good negative evidence to rule out Cambridge. He believes that Holmes's character prevented him from being sent to a public school, but that his brother Mycroft's



"unique and pivotal position in the Foreign Office" could not have been achieved "without an expensive public school and university behind him." But are we certain Mycroft was permanently in the Foreign Office? He "audited the books in some of the Government departments" (*Greek Interpreter*), and would give information to a Minister which involved "the Navy, India, Canada and the bimetallic question" (*Bruce-Partington Plans*). He was only earning £450 when at least fifty years of age. Does this not rather indicate a man who had worked his way up from small beginnings, possibly in some obscure branch of the Treasury?

Nor can we entirely agree with Mr. Roberts that Holmes "did not betray the slightest self-consciousness in dealing with such clients as the Duke of Holderness or the illustrious Lord Bellenger." On the contrary, Holmes almost invariably comments to Watson with what

might be regarded as "self-consciousness" wherever great names are concerned; and he refers to "exalted circles" in connection with a decidedly job-lot list of county notables (*John Scott Eccles*). There is also the question of his intermittent references to Lord Robert St. Simon (*Noble Bachelor*) as "Lord St. Simon": a solecism Mr. Roberts rather unworthily attributes to Watson's "carelessness." Holmes, by the way, must have been guilty of serious inaccuracy when he read aloud the description of the St. Simon arms from "the red-covered volume"; not only is the heraldry gibberish, but, even had some word or words dropped out, such charges would be exceeding improbable as the presumably mediæval coat of a family of "direct Plantagenet descent."

It is clear that Holmes did some hard reading between 1880, when Watson records he had never heard of Thomas Carlyle, and 1886/7 when he refers to Carlyle as leading to Jean Paul Richter. Even in retirement Holmes was still trying to improve himself, studying philosophy for which, in his first scathing summing-up, Watson had awarded him "nil." Is it conceivable that Holmes's background was not all he put forward to Watson, and that much of his life was a feverish struggle to educate himself up to his friend?

Yet when we turn to Watson (admirably documented by Mr. Roberts) further mysteries face us. There is one explanation of Watson's Australian boyhood which delicacy may have prevented Mr. Roberts from mentioning. Was Watson's father transported? Would this explain the fifty-guinea watch inherited from Watson's dissipated elder brother? The watch might even have been the cause of Watson Senior's antipodean interlude; hidden, perhaps, to be recovered later like the Agra treasure. That would at least explain the Doctor's reticence about his parents.

Many further points tempt discussion. Mr. Roberts lists a formidable series of remarks by Holmes to

show that women were by no means anathema to him as has sometimes been suggested. But surely Holmes's fundamental sentimentality about the opposite sex is typical of a man who had never had much to do with it? Moriarty—one brother a Colonel, another a station-master in the west of England—would also repay study. Finally, Wiggins, leader of the Baker Street Irregulars for seven years (*Study in Scarlet* to *Sign of Four*), must have grown almost to manhood in the great detective's service.

ANTHONY POWELL

How to Know Oriental Carpets and Rugs. Heinrich Jacoby. English edition, edited by R. J. La Fontaine. Allen and Unwin, 21/-

Dr. Jacoby, who writes this little guide-book in the modest and convenient form of a dictionary of names, is a classic authority on Eastern carpets. He writes not for the man who wants to acquire a carpet without being cheated but for the man who is in love with fine weaving, a species that still exists, notably in Central and Eastern Europe. There the hand-woven Asiatic rug still plays an exuberant rôle in daily life, often doing duty as a table-cloth as in the paintings of Vermeer or discreetly covering the lid of a water-closet. It is even found on the floors of cabs and taxis or draped round the knees of Peoples' Commissars on their travels. But along with this popular carpet worship there still exists a critical appreciation and a complex connoisseurship to which we are bravely introduced by Dr. Jacoby. His services are indeed needed, for in the England of to-day a carpet is generally just a carpet, most prized when it is fresh off the machines, absolutely plain and so deep in pile that to walk on it is like traversing a waterlogged lawn in bedroom slippers.

With Dr. Jacoby the reader may roam in safety through Daghestan or the Mogan steppe and learn to know a Kis-Ghiordes or a Kibitka strip; but, hilarious though that might have been, the late Sir Denison Ross was never (p. 8) Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

G. R. R.

Age and Youth. Sir Ernest Barker. Oxford University Press, 21/-

Like Hardy's Jude, Ernest Barker was a poor country boy who thirsted for knowledge and went to Oxford to find it. Unlike Jude, who was, of course, rebuffed, young Barker was welcomed, and by no less a personage than Jowett himself. Now aged seventy-nine, a celebrated classicist, pedagogue, political theorist and a knight, he has written his autobiography. He was one of seven children born in a Cheshire miner's cottage. When he was eleven he won a scholarship to Manchester Grammar

School, and despite the humiliations of poverty—he had to wear his grandfather's clothes cut down to fit him—he was a happy as well as a bright boy. In 1893 (three years before Hardy published *Jude*) Ernest Barker was elected first classical scholar of the year to Balliol. His belt had to stay tight, but his prodigious ability won through. He accumulated the Craven, a First in Greats, a lectureship at Wadham, and Fellowships of Merton, St. John's and New College. Having thus conquered Oxford, it remained only for him to conquer Cambridge, which he duly did—as Professor of Political Science—after an interval as Principal of King's College, London. It is an extraordinary story, well and modestly told.

M. C.

The Man in Control. Hugh McGraw. Barker, 12/6

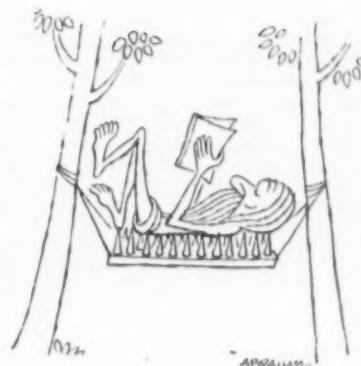
An interesting and original novelist is lost by Hugh McGraw's recent tragic death. He made a name with his early books, *Rude Society* and *The Lads of the Village*, and then settled down to competent, if rather less inspired, storytelling. In *The Man in Control* he returns to a much more serious vein of writing. It is an unusual, keenly observed, sometimes painful story about a middle-aged engineer, a widower, who marries a girl much younger than himself, only to find that she is emotionally arrested, feeling deeply only towards her own sex. How this situation works out against a humdrum suburban background makes an unusual and at times absorbing story. We may sometimes perhaps disagree with McGraw's psychology, but can only admire the bold manner in which he tackles his theme. This is his penultimate book, another manuscript remaining to be published.

A. P.

A Blessed Girl. Emily Lutyens. Hart-Davis, 21/-

This is in effect the history of ten years (1889–1899) of the daily life of a Victorian girl of good family told in a voluminous correspondence between Lady Emily Lytton and her "darling Rev"—Whitworth Elwin. The squarson of Booton, past editor of *The Quarterly* and on terms with many of the great Victorian writers, was seventy-three when he met the censorious, farouche, opinionated "blessed girl" of fourteen. An affectionate friendship developed lasting till the wise and kindly old man's death. He is consulted in all her troubles, big and little, and you may see her gradually forming character and tackling faults from nail-biting to sudden romantic attachments.

One such attachment to the squire of Crabtree Park who, not altogether unencouraged, laid vigorous siege to her heart, caused her serious suffering. One wonders whether quite enough



years have passed to make entirely tolerable the candour with which this episode is exposed. However, all ends happily—with the sudden entry of an impetuous, eccentric, chivalrous and highly gifted young architect.

J. P. T.

Persona Grata. Cecil Beaton and Kenneth Tynan. Wingate, 21/-

Mr. Beaton's photographs of a hundred celebrities, mainly theatrical, vary from character studies as shrewd as a Watts portrait to camera studies of the old-fashioned kind in which the subjects behave like models, looking coyly out through things and being reflected in things and making foregrounds for things and generally carrying on as though hired. Most of the photographs have somewhere not far away a piece of prose by Mr. Tynan: the book is only roughly edited and the liaison between its two contributors is loose.

On the theatre, Mr. Tynan is witty and penetrating; outside it he is ill at ease. His brilliance, which is genuine, is not, thank heaven, unflagging; but at present he lacks bread-and-butter competence. Sometimes he does not seem to have anything to say, sometimes, if it is not time to let off another wisecracker, he does not know how to say it. At his best he has understanding, eloquence and sting.

R. G. G. P.



AT THE PLAY

King John (OLD VIC)
Witness for the Prosecution
(WINTER GARDEN)
Drama in Irish (AIDS)

THE absurdities of mediæval warfare are nowhere seen to better advantage than in *King John*, in which the English and French armies march in, exchange blood-curdling insults, and then, marvellously controlling their passions, march out again in opposite directions to an agreed battle conducted with all the neighbourly consideration of a village

cricket match; or else, having exhausted the fun of abusing one another's parentage, decide that a bumper dinner together will be more enjoyable than a fight. The decision always seems to have been a toss-up. Add to that, in the case of this play, that all the leaders are steering private and contrary courses of their own, and the elements of farce are strong enough without the underlining which Mr. GEORGE DEVINE has given them—in MOTLEY's strange assortment of Tweedledum hats, in Austria's Old Bill moustache and hearthrug cape, in the Cardinal's false nose and preposterous spectacles. On the first night a fortuitous touch of comedy was also provided, by a short-circuit in the electric hot-iron with which Hubert rashly menaced Arthur, so that it glowed at all the wrong moments, and vice versa, ruining a scene quite bad enough by itself.

But although this production loses in all this, and is rather dully dressed, it has a healthy vigour, and Mr. DEVINE succeeds in the much more important matter of the conflict of character. Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN steps easily from a first-rate Polonius into a John whose intelligence outstrips a weathercock will. Miss FAY COMPTON gives Constance an intensity of grief which is only spoilt a little by the slow-motion of her final agonizing, and her slanging-match with Miss VIOLA LYEL's horsey Queen Elinor rises to the highest level of Billingsgate. Mr. EDGAR WREFFORD's Hubert, Miss GWEN CHERRELL's Blanche and Mr. JOHN NEVILLE's Dauphin are all good. But really there is only one person in the play who counts, and that is the Bastard, a live man with an alert mind

of his own. Mr. RICHARD BURTON plays him splendidly. His quiet authority dominates every scene, and even when he is silent he is still felt. In such a crew the sturdy insolence with which he flavours his sincerity is admirable.

That rather glacial theatre, the Winter Garden, can seldom have been so well warmed as it was by the first-night ovation for Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE's new play. The applause was deserved. *Witness for the Prosecution* is as different from the conventional piece of crime in which leaden detectives perform juju round the violently departed as the Yard is from a village police-station. From its start in a Q.C.'s chambers to its surprise ending at the Old Bailey it is so tensely written that one almost forgets it is in essence a whodunit; and even when one remembers to guess, it is waste of time, so well has Mrs. CHRISTIE covered her tracks. She uses her jokers consummately, and the pair of aces she finally puts down are quite unplayable. One or two questions I should like to ask do not touch the validity of her ingenious plot, and they cannot be asked here without imperilling its secrets.

All the background stuff of a headline trial is given unusual conviction. Mr. WALLACE DOUGLAS has very skilfully produced the big scenes in court. And there is exciting acting by Mr. DAVID HORNE, Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH, Miss PATRICIA JESSEL, Mr. MILTON ROSMER, Mr. DEREK BLUMFIELD and others in a large cast. In fact, you should go.

Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON had the makings of a winner in the enviable

comic idea of bringing a highbrow theatrical company to a one-horse seaside town where nothing had ever happened, and where, under the influence of Ibsen, Chekhov and Strindberg, everything happens alarmingly. Unfortunately, after a good start *Drama at Inish* is allowed to fade into a very ordinary Irish farce. The production at the Arts is only medium. Miss MOYA NUGENT scores as a spinster nursing an ancient grievance, and Miss BINNIE HALE and Mr. CHARLES HESLOP are quite funny in caricatures of Victorian old-stagers. But these remain caricatures.

Recommended

Before the new plays burst on us, catch up on *Carrington*, F.C. (Westminster), a strong drama, *The Two Bouquets* (Piccadilly), a good revival of a Farjeon musical, and *The Seven Year Itch* (Aldwych), a delightful American comedy.

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Heart of the Matter
Personal Affair

ONE thing that *The Heart of the Matter* (Director: GEORGE MORE O'FERRALL) makes one realize is how seldom films do attempt to build a story on so insubstantial a thing as a matter of conscience. This is natural enough, of course. Not only do films have to make their points visually, preferably with some kind of interesting action, but they have to make them understood by that very large proportion of the film audience that sees nothing but the obvious anyway.

Here, the problem of conscience, though in essence one that might confront any Christian, involves details that for the non-Catholic have to be explained; and such explanations, which can in a novel be done unobtrusively and without unbalancing the narrative, must in a film (with its scaled-down time-scheme, its greater immediacy of effect) inevitably seem too much emphasized.

The central character is an honest, worried assistant commissioner of police in Sierra Leone in 1942, whose trouble is that his compassion is too all-embracing. We see him first deliberately failing to report a sea-captain's effort to smuggle a family letter to Germany, and finally caught in a situation between wife and mistress, which he cannot resolve in favour of one without hurting the other. The only solution he can bear to consider is his own death, and the fact that by himself contriving it he thinks he is eternally damning himself has, of course, to be explained to non-Catholics; as also does the preceding occasion of his difficulty about going



The Dauphin—MR. JOHN NEVILLE
Arthur—MASTER NICKY EDMETT

Constance—MISS FAY COMPTON
King John—MR. MICHAEL HORDERN
Philip the Bastard—MR. RICHARD BURTON



Helen Rolt—MARIA SCHELL

Louise Scobie—ELIZABETH ALLAN
Scobie—TREVOR HOWARD

to mass without absolution. From one point of view these are ingenious, essentially constructional devices in the working-out of the plot, and it weakens the picture that they should have to be explained.

But it is a good, worthy, thought-provoking piece. TREVOR HOWARD as the tormented husband gives an admirable performance, in a key different from anything he has done before; ELIZABETH ALLAN, too, displays a new range in her portrait of the tired, shrewish wife. At the third corner of the triangle MARIA SCHELL has not much more to do than several other skilful players involved, all of whom make their impression. There are no tricks of technique; one or two pleasing visual moments (the coming of the rains, for instance) almost give the effect of insertions in a film concerned—after the striking opening sequence that establishes the place and what it is like—simply to tell a straightforward story.

One can very easily point out improbabilities in *Personal Affair* (Director: ANTHONY PÉLISSIER), and the temptation to do so has not been resisted. It's no good arguing about this sort of thing: one of the radical divisions of mankind is between those who can overlook improbabilities of incident if a story is well told, and those who don't even admit that a story can be well told if there are improbabilities in it. My own feeling is that, since more often than not the improbability they make such a fuss about could have been explained away in a single line of dialogue, there's no reason why one shouldn't assume that that has been done and enjoy the rest as if it had been.

This is well made, full of interesting technical devices, well written (except for occasional "literary" dialogue), well played, well directed: it can be

enjoyed as a film even by those for whom the story is too overcharged with emotionalism. It is about a school-girl whose love for a master leads to trouble for him when she disappears. GLYNIS JOHNS and LEO GENS make these characters credible, the local scene is entertainingly suggested, and many other parts are well taken. There is a strong suspense climax; they shouldn't have added another one.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An outstanding new one in London is *The Conquest of Everest*, which is tremendously impressive to see. Less so, I think, to hear; I always feel that a factual film is best with a purely factual commentary, unmixing with any rhetoric at all. Do you need to have it rubbed in that the peak of Everest was "aloof, inviolate" and so forth? . . . There is also, of course, the Royal Performance film, *Rob Roy, the Highland Rogue* (positively no connection with Scott), the sort of thing that simply fails to arouse my interest these days. Recommended: *The Intruder* (28/10/53).

Top release is *The Man Between* (7/10/53).

RICHARD MALLETT



AT THE BALLET

Braziliana (STOLL)

THE aim of the Teatro Folelorico Brasileiro, which is paying its first visit to this country, is to offer "manifestations of authentic folk-lore, namely the dances, songs and aspects typical of Brazil." In effect it displays most engagingly the art of the coloured folk of Brazil—an art not learnt from white compatriots—which evidently makes an important contribution to national culture.

The anthropologist at the ballet was enchanted a year or two ago to

discover in Miss Katherine Dunham not only a brilliant exponent of highly exciting West Indian folk-dance but also a serious student in his own field. At the Stoll Theatre, if he sought there to renew his scientific rhapsody, he came away perplexed that several ethnic strains he looked for in Brazilian folk-lore were not easily discernible and that the Amerindian was positively absent.

Still, on the opening night the anthropologists were heavily outnumbered, unless, of course, the general infection of abandon had spread to them also and they too were beating out the intoxicating rhythms with their hands along with the rest of a vast audience happily surrendered to the spirit of enjoyment which the company radiated. The last item, *Carnaval de Rio de Janeiro*, was said to be based on the pattern of an annual carnival which lasts for four nights and three days. As the curtain rose again and again for repetition there seemed no reason, except that the programme was due to begin again the next evening, why it should not wholly conform to pattern.

Communication of the mood began early and was complete when in *Como Nasce o Samba* two boot-blacks started to demonstrate the birth of a Samba. Joined by instrumentalists and dancers ("Choreography: Spontaneous") and to the rhythm of complicated drum-beats, the throbbing animation, having reached a frenzied climax, seemed likely to stay there indefinitely.

The principal offerings, however, were highly ritualistic. That with which the evening opened depicted the ceremonies of *Candomblé*, an African religious importation which is said to have very many adherents. As manifested with African songs and dances it showed little of the influence of Christianity to which a programme-note alluded. *Macumba de Exu*, likewise African in origin, is music and dancing offered to the devil not so much by way of worship as to keep him in good temper.

Apart from such solemnities the Brazilian company is bubbling over with good humour and a desire to please; and to that end has perfected a technique of dancing and all-pervading rhythm which is irresistible. Singing is not its long suit. It is the drum and feet and colour which make the stunning impact.

C. B. MORTLOCK

ON THE AIR

Sporting Occasions

I AM always meeting people who profess to be without any real interest in sport. I mention Chelsea's latest defeat, the promotion chances of Rotherham United and Port Vale,

or the doings of the Commonwealth cricketers in India, and the eyes of my interlocutor glaze over with boredom. I see men open their newspapers in the train and turn first (to my amazement) to the political, financial or social news. I know people—intelligent people capable of completing *The Times* crossword puzzle in half an hour or less, daily—who would be unable to identify such celebrities of the sporting world as (say) "Dixie" Dean, Willie Watson, Joe Davis, Victor Barna, "Babe" Ruth, Gordon Pirie, Fred Trueman, Ben Hogan, Bruce Woodcock or "Taps" Larsen. In the presence of such people I am, usually, stricken with a sense of unworthiness. I realize how much more I should know about isotopes, the internal combustion engine, syntax and other useful things if my head were not so full of the trivia of sport. I feel a muddled oaf and a flannelled fool and I regret the hours I have wasted on team games and their literature.

But I never feel sufficiently distraught to mend my ways. I regard myself, along with about twenty million other British males, as beyond redemption: I merely turn to *Winden* and count my blessings.

A little ratiocination and my weaknesses have quite miraculously been converted into good fortune, my liabilities into assets. I am among the most fortunate of men. The newspapers cater specifically for me, and the poor devils who have no interest in pages eight, nine and ten are in effect subsidizing, sponsoring my reading. And as for television!

Yes, we sports fans must be grateful to television. We can forgive Alexandra Palace and Lime Grove everything when we recall the feast of excellent viewing provided by the cameras mounted high above Wembley,



"You see, it's like the newspapers—you don't have to look at the advertisements unless you want to."

Lord's, the White City, Wimbledon, Twickenham and the Oval.

The other week we had the painters in and they reached the walls of the living-room on the very afternoon that the second half of the international soccer match, England v. F.I.F.A., was being televised. I made a bold decision. Regardless of the cost I invited the painters to down tools and share the TV set with me, and after only a momentary struggle with Stern Duty they accepted. Well, as most of you know, it was a superb game and made superb television. We sat on dust-sheets in an aroma of white lead paint—in ecstasy. And when in the dying seconds of the game England were awarded a doubtful penalty (the language is that of page ten) we fairly hugged each other in our excitement. Ramsey scored from the spot and the painters went back to work with a will. England only drew, but I won the

painters' goodwill and an extra fine finish on the gloss paint.

Soccer, boxing, rowing, jumping, table tennis, rugger, cricket, billiards, lawn tennis, golf, athletics, racing . . . it is with such outside broadcasts that television really scores. And I have nothing but praise for the work of the camera men through whose eyes these great occasions are viewed. Clearly they are all the keenest of sportsmen, with a proper, almost psychic, appreciation of the relative values of close-up and panoramic sweep.

Some sports televise extremely well: others not so well. It all depends on the degree of dramatic tension that can be sustained in a single shot. The roving camera is obviously less nimble than the naked eye, and less efficient in its lubrication. When we are conscious of the camera's traction we know that we are missing something of the game, the spectacle, and that our vantage point is merely an inadequate peephole. But when, as with cricket and boxing, we are allowed on the pitch and in the ring and can follow the action *through our own eyes*—when, that is, our eyes move independently of the cameras—then we viewers are lucky indeed.

Especially if we also happen to be sports fans. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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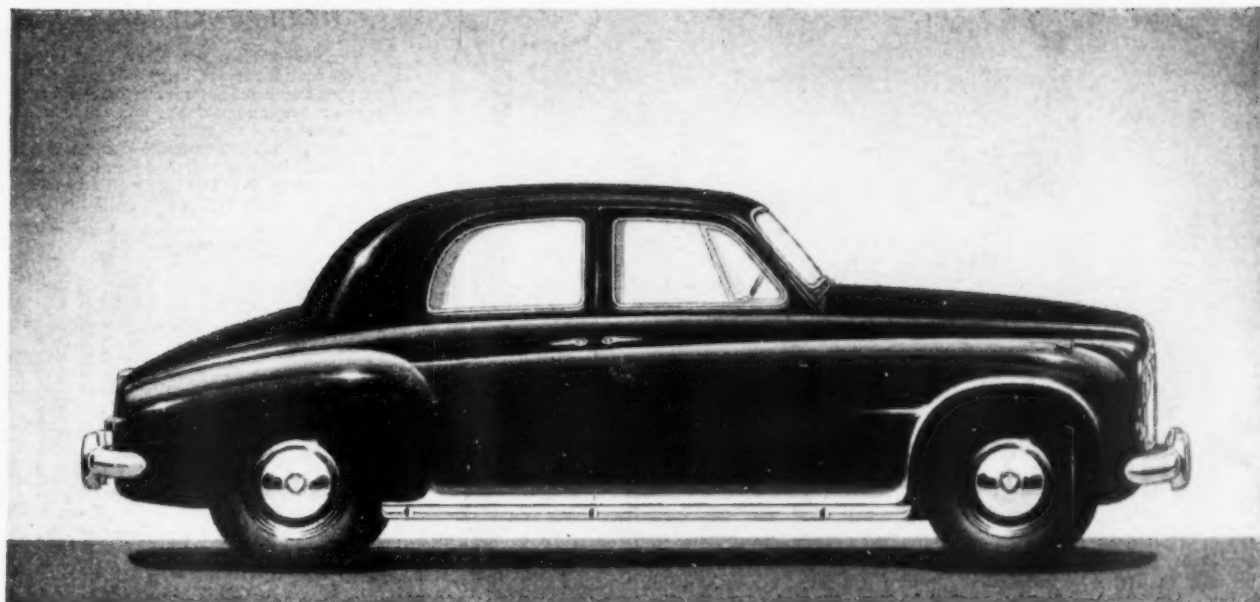


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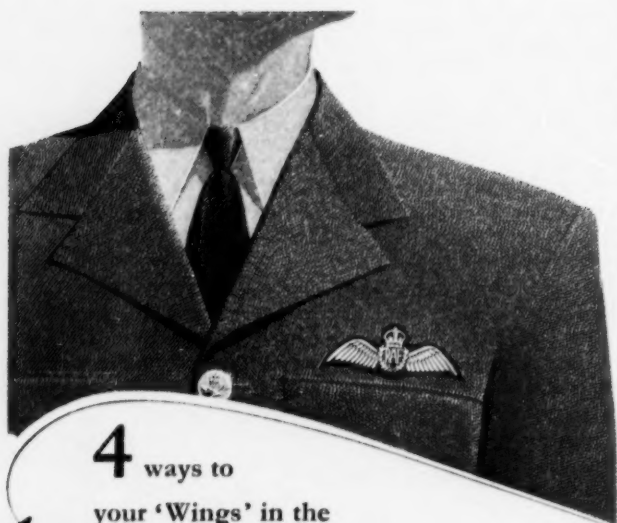
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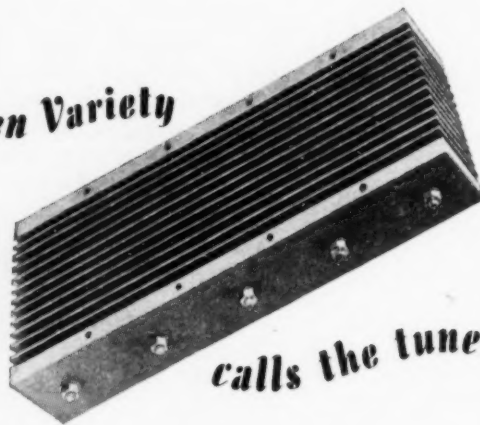
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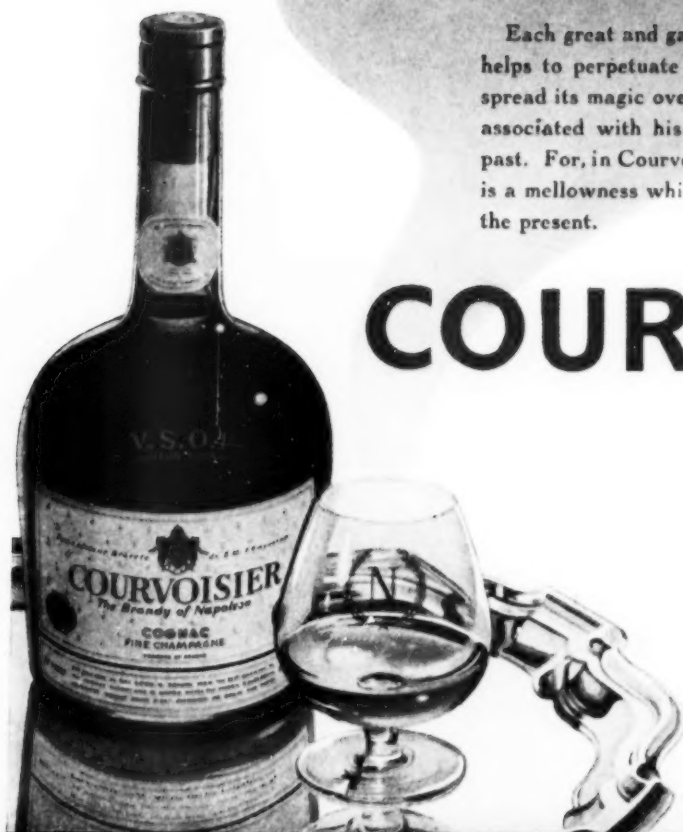
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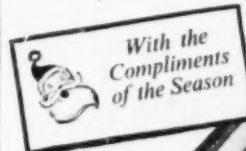
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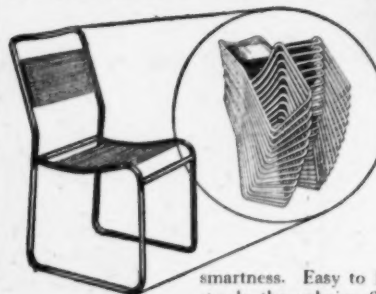
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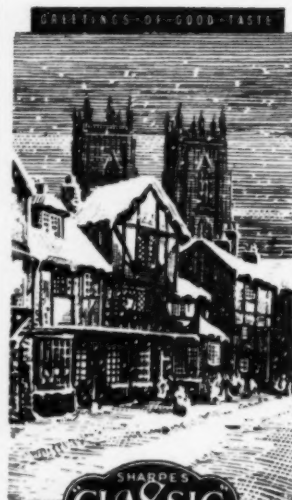


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"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

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★ Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



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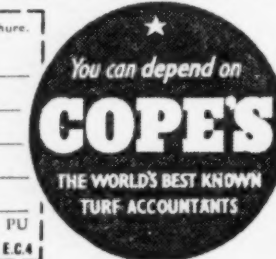
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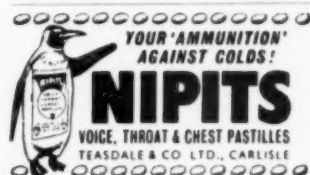
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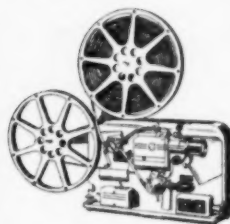
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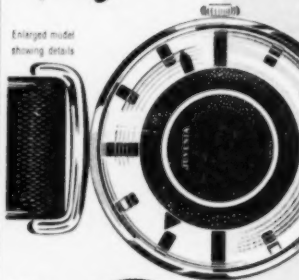


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